

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1871.

*The Office of The Nation has been removed to
No. 5 Beekman Street.*

The Week.

THE event of the week which overshadows all others is the terrible destruction by fire, on Sunday and Monday, of the business portion of Chicago, and of so large a number of dwellings that nigh a hundred thousand persons, of all ages and conditions in life, have suddenly found themselves destitute, and obliged to take refuge in the open prairie, while the whole city is exposed to the most extraordinary privations from want of food and water. The details of this unprecedented disaster will have been given to the world so widely that we shall make no attempt to rehearse them. It is enough to say that a common ruin involved all the banks, all the principal hotels, all the newspaper offices, the court-house, the chamber of commerce, the post-office, the telegraph offices, most of the railroad depots and grain elevators, and the finest, most substantial, and apparently fireproof warehouses, which were the pride and the commercial heart of the city. All these, besides a great number of houses of the better class. The burnt area stretches inward and westward from the lake to the distance of from one to one and a half miles, and north and south from four to five miles. A large number of lives have been certainly lost.

The entire business community is momentarily stunned by the magnitude of the Chicago disaster. The heaviest loss falls naturally upon the insurance companies, some of which are scarcely in a condition to bear a heavy blow. The next sufferers outside of Chicago herself are the New York and New England merchants, who had sold goods to the Western dealers on credit, and who cannot now expect to be paid for even a very small percentage of their claims. Again, very grievous losses will be borne by the host of Eastern capitalists who have for years past partly owned, or who held heavy mortgages on, the magnificent buildings for business purposes and residences in which Chicago rivalled every city on the Continent. But the heaviest blow of all falls upon the interests connected with the trade, storage, and transportation of produce and provisions, the pride of the "Queen City of the West." The keen scent of Wall Street discovered the gravity of the evil at an early hour, and the owners of railroad securities so long upheld by the manipulations of gigantic rings and combinations, eagerly rushed into the market as sellers, producing a panic and excitement almost equal in intensity to that of the famous Black Friday of 1869. Stocks declined from five to ten per cent., the best and most substantial securities falling as heavily as the thinnest and most treacherous of fancy stocks. At the close of business on Monday, a gloomy atmosphere, an undefined sense of dread and terror, overhung the entire financial community, and the ablest, calmest, and most conservative did not hesitate to express their fear that the catastrophe of Chicago will prove but the beginning of widespread financial and commercial difficulty. Indeed, so great a misfortune could hardly have befallen the community at a time when it was so ill-prepared to meet it. At the opening of the fall season, with the banking interests expanded to a point that has been threatening a collapse even without external aid; with the great corporations largely under the control of reckless Wall Street gamblers; with real estate greatly inflated; with the national finances in a somewhat nebulous state of transition; with a political disorganization which pervades all sections of the country and all grades of national life; with all these unfavorable circumstances pressing on the community, the destruction of so large an amount of property at Chicago has a most disastrous effect, and tends to destroy credit in every direction, and to precipitate a panic. But it ought to be borne in mind that a very large part of every "panic" is panic, and nobody ought to get more frightened than he can help.

One of the complications of the situation is due to the condition of France, and its present overpowering influence upon the money markets of the world. However much mistaken they may have seemed who declared France could not bear the pressure of the indemnity, and whose predictions have been apparently disproved by the course of events, it is nevertheless true that France is incapable of supporting this expenditure out of her own resources. The payments so far made have been accomplished by straining her temporary credit to the utmost, and it is beginning to be very doubtful in how far she can comply with her monetary engagements. England, who made the largest advances, is suffering a terrible drain of specie towards the coffers of that reckless "blood and iron" financier, Prince Bismarck, who proposes to lock up large amounts of money to abide future political developments. In the meantime, England is attempting to replenish her coffers by calling upon France, and the latter is being very rapidly drained of all her available coin, and is beginning to experience the beauties of our own system of irredeemable currency, the premium having advanced to about three per cent. The drain from England, too, causes a call upon America, and the rate of foreign exchange here has risen to a point at which specie shipments are not improbable.

The effect which the burning of Chicago is producing on the business world is perhaps as striking a proof as we have ever had of the closeness of the relations which have been established between the uttermost ends of the earth. Calamities, and especially great calamities, are fast ceasing to be what is called local—they are all now general. No serious disaster can overtake Chicago or St. Louis without making London feel something more than sympathy. The probable effect of all this on human happiness would form a curious subject of speculation. It appears almost probable that there will, before long, be no privileged places any more than privileged persons, and no place, in short, any more peaceful or secure against alarms and anxieties than any other place. No matter how much a man may seclude himself, he is tied to the busy world, unless he is a hermit, by his income—and wars, and fires, and famines, and tornadoes, no matter where they occur, now make themselves felt in every pocket. The Happy Valley is a thing of the past. But it is doubtful whether the fire to Chicago itself is as much of a misfortune as it appears. The city was too hastily constructed for permanence and safety. It abounded with wooden houses, wooden pavements, and wooden sidewalks, and the fire will serve a good purpose if it adds one more lesson, even if a terrible one, to the warnings we are every day receiving that great cities can neither be constructed nor managed as small country towns and villages are. Large agglomerations of population do not differ from small ones simply in size; they differ in needs, and, above all, in dangers. The silencing of the press of Chicago by the fire, even for a few days, is one of the strangest of the disasters. The voice of the *Tribune* especially will be missed by us all, but greatly missed in the West; even in the short period during which the enterprise of its proprietors will allow it to remain unheard. The new Chicago will doubtless have all the excellence of the old one, and a symmetry and solidity and security to which the old one would have taken long to attain. The outpouring of charity caused by the event all over the country bids fair to be on a scale unequalled since the war.

The Democratic State Convention at Rochester has done a little better than most people feared it would do, and a little worse than a few expected. It refused admission to Tammany delegates, but under an arrangement which Tweed had a hand in making, which converted the refusal, to all outward appearance, into a magnanimous withdrawal on the part of Tammany. Moreover, Tammany's withdrawal was deprived of all moral value by the refusal of the Convention not only to admit but to notice the existence of the Reform delegation, and it was with difficulty that three of the delegates were allowed on the last day to address the Convention. Nevertheless, the non-appearance of Tam-

many in a body which it has for some years ruled despotically, was in some degree a gain for reform, and the Democratic platform, beside the usual bunkum, did denounce the frauds, and did suggest positive remedies—which is more than could be said for the Republican platform—by calling on the Legislature to repeal or modify the charter, so as to concentrate responsibility, and to give the Governor the power of removing mayors. The most valuable piece of work done by it was, however, the passage of a resolution directing all delegates to be hereafter elected by assembly districts, in New York as well as elsewhere. This will put an end to the practice by which Tammany has become a powerful oligarchy, of sending up a solid delegation from this city representing the Tammany General Committee, and nobody else, and really nominated by it and responsible to it. An excellent letter was read at the Convention from Mr. Charles O'Connor, who was unable to attend, and it was a curious sign of the times that the Convention was thrown into confusion by a proposal to nominate him for the Attorney-Generalship. It did nominate Mr. Champlain, a man of whom little is known, except that he is a creature of the Ring. We doubt if many respectable Democrats will, however, vote for him; we are sure a great many will vote for General Barlow, who is not a strict party man. It is of the last importance, at this crisis, that the prosecuting officer of the State should be both able, and honest, and *willing*, but, above all, willing. The possession of this office by the Ring, both in the State and city, is one of its great sources of strength.

The two most important pieces of news connected with the City frauds during the week have been the assignment, by Mr. Keyser, of about \$650,000 worth of property in trust to a member of the Committee of Seventy, to satisfy any claims which may be proved against him, arising out of his transactions with the City Government. He alleges, however, that although he has been set down in the city books for nearly a million and a half, nearly half this he never received, and knows nothing of, and that what he did receive he honestly earned. He has been driven into his present course, it is said, by the pertinacity of the reporters, whose remorseless pursuit nearly drove him crazy; but it is very unfortunate for Mr. Keyser's reputation that he has come out with no reply or explanation till two months after the discovery of the frauds. It was hardly the part of an honest man to hold his tongue, under the circumstances, even if he had nothing to "confess." In the meantime, the Committee of Investigation has also made its report, and tells the same dismal story, with which we are all familiar, of fraud, malversation, forgery, and extravagance in connection with the city funds. Indeed, no form of corruption and abuse ever resorted to by the most corrupt governments of any age or country, except debasing the coin or issuing paper money, seems to have been absent from the management of our city finances. Even the aristocratic device of "sinecures" has been carried to a point never witnessed. The sinecurists and corruptionists of other ages and countries were at least men of some polish or culture, and, even if not respectable, did for some reason or another respect themselves; but our corruptionists are drawn from the very dregs of society—the riff-raff of police courts and bar-rooms, who enjoy the grossness of vice almost more than anything else in it. It is greatly to be feared that the Chicago fire may help the Ring by drawing attention away from the frauds, and filling the public mind with apprehension of great financial disaster. We trust everybody will try to guard against this.

One rarely sees a more nearly unanimous expression of opinion by the press than has been called forth by Murphy's case. The Republican newspapers, almost without exception, ask for his removal, some for the sake of the party, of course, but others on the simple ground of his rascality. He, however, shows no sign of going, and, indeed, this could hardly have been expected; but people did expect that the President would, on seeing what he was charged with, dismiss him. The news comes now, however, and is apparently authentic, that he will not dismiss him, on the ground that Tom has been twice charged and twice acquitted on these charges—once by the Commission of Enquiry in this city, and once by the Senate. This is true; but he has not been acquitted on the evidence now before the public; this was never pro-

duced before, and, if the President is not convinced by it, he owes the country a statement of the reasons of his decision just as much as any judge on the bench is bound to give the reasons of *his* decision. Let us now state once more exactly what Murphy's position is. He has risen from the very dregs of New York politics within ten or twelve years; he is grossly ignorant, so much so that he cannot write a note in decent English; his business reputation was not good before he began to supply the Government; his supplies have been examined by experts, and it has been proved that they were very inferior to the standard; the evidence of his fraudulent intent was produced in abundance, but two of the most important witnesses, after their depositions, which were conclusive, had been taken down, kept out of the way, and refused to sign them. At the investigation, the army standard was found to have been made away with, and the best witnesses failed to appear; it has now been proved that Murphy bribed the detectives not to pursue the case against him; that he has been concerned in "real estate speculations" with Tweed, Connolly, and Hall; that he was at the Philadelphia Convention on Andrew Johnson's side, and voted for Hoffman for the Governorship—in short, that not only is he a bad man, but a bad Republican. Over and above all this, the merchants of the city have no confidence in him, and the Custom-house is managed by him on the same principle as Tweed manages the City Hall. If the President retains him in office, he creates for honest Republicans a situation of exceeding perplexity, and helps to create for the Democrats, or would help if they had any sense, a golden opportunity.

Mr. George Evans, late agent for the State of Pennsylvania in the collection of its claims against the United States arising out of the war, whom the State is now pursuing criminally for breach of trust, has been followed to this city by requisition from Governor Geary, and surrendered, after a vain attempt to escape on a *habeas corpus* issued by the New York courts. While the argument was pending, we received from his counsel a batch of printed documents, which Mr. Evans believes prove his innocence, and were requested to read them and do him justice. We have read them, and have compared them with the statements we made Sept. 7, and find that we fell into one or two trifling inaccuracies. We said that Mr. Evans "found two bondsmen in \$5,000 dollars each"; the bondsmen were in \$10,000 each. We said that there was no mention of the rate of compensation he was to receive made in his agreement with the governor; there *was* mention of it, by reference to the joint resolution creating the office. Having made these corrections, we may as well say that we think Mr. Evans shows a good deal of assurance in asking us to whitewash him. Upon the papers now before us, we find that, although by his own agreement he was bound "to pay over *forthwith* to the State Treasurer all moneys he might be able to collect, less the commission allowed (10 per cent.) and to make semi-annual reports to the State Treasurer of amounts collected, and the sources from which derived; and also to make annual reports to the governor under oath, including amounts collected, and a statement of all claims ascertained to be due the State, and from what sources," he made no report to anybody for four years. He entered on the duties of his office in March, 1867, and his first report, which he waggishly calls an "interim report," and says that "the time had come when it might be made without any prejudice to the interest of the State," meaning, of course, the interest of George Evans, is dated July, 1871. Moreover, on his own showing, he collected in May, 1867, nearly \$2,000,000, of his disposition of which he rendered no account, though he pocketed the commission. He also subsequently discovered a batch of other State claims against the General Government, which were clearly not contemplated in the joint resolution, and these he collected too, again pocketing the commission, but still making no report, and never having his accounts audited by anybody in behalf of the State. We do not assert that there is proof as yet that he has been guilty of fraud, but he has acted in all respects like a man who is guilty of fraud, and is, we think, an eminently fit subject for a searching investigation.

The political nominations in Massachusetts were closed last week by the action of the Labor Reformers at Framingham and the Prohi-

bitionists in Boston; and so far as the personal character and ability of the four candidates for governor are concerned, the Massachusetts voter might fairly hesitate how to choose among them. Butler men, who appeared as Republicans at Worcester, were found in both gatherings, and one of these, a colored lawyer, Mr. George L. Ruffin, got his reward in a nomination for Attorney-General. The General himself, however, received but a cold support from the Labor party, though that experienced politician, Mr. Wendell Phillips, seemed to find it necessary, in his rôle of president and manager, to advise against Butler's nomination on grounds of expediency. In the course of his remarks he made his usual defence of the Commune and the Internationale. The resolutions, however, were not of so furious a type. They affirmed "labor, the creator of wealth," to be "entitled to all it creates," and the aim of the party to be "the overthrow of the whole profit-making system," and to make "war with the present system of finance," and other more definite as well as some sensible objects, including ten hours a day for factory work "as a first step," and eight hours in Government employ. Women were readily admitted as delegates, and resolutions favoring equal wages for them and the suffrage were adopted.

With the exception of Texas, the recent elections have been uniformly favorable to the Republicans. In Connecticut the contest was for town officers. In Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, the House, part of the Senate, and two executive officers were chosen, and the result is a working Republican majority in the Legislature, which assures to the party the redistricting of the State for a new lease of power. Amid serious rioting, in which the police were conspicuous for assaults on the colored voters, the Republicans have carried the city of Philadelphia, and rescued it from Democratic control. As was expected in Ohio, the Republicans elect Gen. Noyes and the rest of the State ticket, but the complexion of the Legislature is, as we write, uncertain, and upon that depend Senator Sherman's chances of being kept in his seat or succeeded by a Democrat. From Iowa, too, we have no certain intelligence, but the only open question in that State is the choice among several Republican candidates for the senatorship. In Texas, the Republicans will be lucky if they have retained one Congressman of their three, and the Democrats (or the *anti-status-quo* party) will now have an opportunity to redress some of the maladministration of the last three years.

Major Hodge, the defaulting paymaster, has been sentenced by court-martial to what would practically prove imprisonment for life, ten years of it with hard labor, but the President has commuted it to ten years of hard labor; not too severe, if only the requirements of the day are considered, but far too severe when we consider that similar defaulters in the civil service are treated simply as unfortunate debtors. The Louisville *Commercial* disputes our assertion that civil functionaries are not "brought to justice" for these frauds, and cites, in proof of its contradiction, a report of the recovery of a judgment at Williamsport, Pa., by the United States District Attorney, against a defaulting collector and his sureties. Precisely; but has anybody heard of the indictment of a defaulting collector? Suing a man for money he has made away with is not what is called "bringing him to justice."

The elections for the Conseils Généraux in France have taken place and the result, if we may judge by the first reports, looks like a triumph of the Republicans—of both wings, Radical and Moderate—over the men of the Right, and chiefly over the Legitimists. The Radicals have carried the great cities of Lyons, Marseilles, and Toulouse, and most of the industrial centres; the Moderate Republicans have been successful in Lille, the Department of Cher, and almost all over Normandy; the Conservatives, in Paris. The Bonapartists are reported to have carried some districts in the Department of Aisne, in Aube, in Corsica, and in "Central France." The Orleanists have elected the Duc d'Aumale; the Legitimists, M. Larcy, the Minister of Public Works; the Radicals, General Faidherbe; the Bonapartists, Prince Napoleon. Among the defeated are Gambetta, Picard, and Forcade. The partial success of the Bonapartists, whatever it may have been, is probably

owing in the main to the co-operation of Conservatives of other shades whom recent defeats have caused to despair of victory under their own banners. That the Imperialists have of late been more than usually active in recruiting adherents all over France, is now admitted on all hands, excepting by their own organs; and that the doings of their special agents for the purpose are not viewed by the Government with indifference is proved, among other things, by an order of General Ladmirault, the Military Governor of Paris, commanding a strict watch over the surroundings of the barracks, and the arrest of persons caught in attempts to distribute Imperialist pamphlets among the soldiery. The Republican journals of Paris teem with denunciations of conspiracies, and some plotters are said to have been arrested. More serious, however, seems to be the disquietude inspired by the condition of affairs in Algeria, in spite of all the defeats and chastisements lately inflicted on the revolted tribes and localities. In fact, that province threatens to be to France what Cuba is to Spain.

The Alsace-Lorraine treaty is reported to be on the point of being concluded, both M. Poyer-Quertier and Count Arnim, the principal negotiators of the contracting governments, having gone to Berlin to finish the affair in presence of Bismarck, to whom M. Thiers, on his own responsibility, sacrifices the obnoxious point of full tariff reciprocity inserted by the National Assembly. In doing it, the President of the Republic is aided by the urgent clamor for deliverance from the German occupation now so opportunely raised by the territories the evacuation of which is one of the main stipulations of the treaty. The city of Dijon is the loudest in its cries for speedy relief and accusations against the German garrison. The counter-complaints of the Germans, referring to outrages suffered by their countrymen in Lyons, M. Thiers endeavors to allay by punishing some of the offenders. His pardoning power, in regard to the victims of the Versailles courts-martial, he declares to be limited by the Committee of Pardons. According to a despatch which, as we believe, lacks confirmation, M. Rochefort is the first to whom a commutation of sentence has been granted. This he hardly deserved by the attitude he assumed in his self-defence during the trial, which was far from dignified and manly. On the other hand, we cannot discover in his answers, which, if not brilliant with wit and repartee, were certainly ready and to the point, any trace of that cowardly nervousness which some correspondents have depicted: "His attitude was pitiful. His pallor was horrid. He trembled from head to foot; his voice . . . was only heard in spasmodic sobs, and his whole appearance was so humble that it roused indignation instead of pity." Two things, however, appear to us to be settled beyond all doubt; first, the gloves which Rochefort wore on the occasion were faultless; second, that the course of action which he defended was abominable.

The controversy between M. Thiers and Bismarck over the customs duties on the manufactures of Alsace and Lorraine is one of the most singular in political history. It reveals, as perhaps few incidents have ever done, the logical absurdity which underlies the whole protectionist theory, and illustrates the soundness of Turgot's saying, that nobody was competent to discuss economical problems who, while doing so, could not banish political boundaries from his mind. What Bismarck and Thiers are each trying to do is to prevent the entrance of the products of Alsatian industry into their respective countries—that is, the very things which made Alsace most valuable to France, the great products of her labor and capital, have become evils to be avoided by France in every possible way, because the German flag is hoisted on her soil. On the other hand, these very things, too, which have contributed largely to make Alsace worth seizing, are now treated by Germany as evils to be kept out as long as possible, simply because they are of French origin. Frenchmen are poor and suffering, and have suffered enormous loss of capital; therefore, they must not have the cheap cotton and linen of their lost provinces; and Germans are poor, too, and must be saved from the same curses, for a while anyhow.

"THE BOSS'S" DOMINIONS.

THE proceedings at the Democratic Convention at Rochester will repay careful study for more reasons than one. They afford, of course, first and foremost, conclusive evidence—though it cannot be said that any evidence was needed on this point—that nothing in the way of reform is to be expected from the Democratic party in this State, as such. The party organization has grown too strong—paradoxical as this may sound—for any good to be got out of it. That is, although it contains a great many honest men who really mean well, and who would like to see it serviceable to the country, the great majority have contracted habits of considering its maintenance as an organization as the highest political end, and all other things as secondary and subsidiary to this. This is the perfection of discipline, but any party which has allowed it in a free country may be said to have become simply and purely an instrument of evil. Voters who obey blindly are just as dangerous to the state as an army which fires blindly; indeed, they may be said to be more dangerous, because they are more difficult to deal with. An army may be dissolved; but what is to be done with a hundred thousand citizens to whom their ballots are served out like fixed ammunition, and who drop them into the box at the word of command, and with a kind of military pride in not caring what they contain, provided they come from the proper quarter? To this pass all successful parties are apt to come, and to this pass the Democratic party came long ago, though the strength of its discipline has never been subjected to so severe a test as at Rochester. Two delegations went up from this city: the one composed of men whom any party in any State in the Union might be proud to send to a convention, chosen through the usual party machinery, and representing the best elements of the party in this city; the other, composed of obscure men, either damaged in reputation or the acknowledged creatures of public officers who are laboring under grave charges of fraud and speculation. There was nothing doubtful either about these charges. Many millions of the money of the city have confessedly disappeared while the treasury was in charge of the Tammany chiefs. This is not denied. The only question now in debate is in what way the money was divided between them; and the whole matter has been before the public for two months. The Reform delegation was, in fact, elected for the express purpose of filling the place in the Convention which it was taken as a matter of course the "Tammany thieves" would, under the circumstances, be compelled to vacate. Nevertheless, although the Tammany delegation did not take its seat, it was allowed to proclaim that it refrained of its own free will, and the Reform delegation was not even alluded to in the proceedings, and it was only through great effort that towards the close two or three of its members were allowed to make speeches as private individuals. This was all done in the interest of the party. The leaders—even those who believe in the Tammany frauds—consented to allow the Tammany men to arrange the matter in their own way, and to ignore the existence of the reformers altogether; and they did so because in their opinion a contrary course would have exposed the party in this State to a tremendous disaster at the next election.

Now, what was the danger they feared? The answer to this question contains such food for reflection as has seldom been supplied to an intelligent political community, and we ask for it the serious attention of our readers. What they feared, and what they sought to avoid by the scandalous rejection of the Reform delegation, and the still more scandalous submission to Tweed's programme, was the loss of the Democratic majority in this city, and the consequent loss of the State. In other words, they feared that if they refused to let Tweed have his own way, he, whom nearly every respectable man in New York calls a scoundrel, and whose life is a scandalous piece of riotous profligacy, would carry with him out of the Democratic ranks enough votes to cause the complete defeat of the party—that is to say, from 30,000 to 50,000. They felt, and in this way acknowledged, that no platform or ticket they could construct could prevent this result; that without Tweed they could not have the voters—and they surrendered to him accordingly. We are not now dealing in vague rumors or gossip. We are reciting notorious facts.

Now, consider what this means. It means that the shrewdest poli-

ticians we have, have deliberately reached the conclusion that one man, of notoriously bad character, steeped in fraud and corruption, audacious and open in his defiance of law and public opinion, and ostentatious in displaying the results of his speculations, commands, as a general commands troops, a sufficiently large body of the voters of the metropolis to turn the scale at elections in this State, and can lead them from one side to the other, without regard to principles, doctrines, or cries, so as to defeat and drive from the field whichever party attempts to meddle with him. We do not say that this is true; we say that our shrewdest managers believe it to be true; Mr. S. J. Tilden confessed that he believed it, in sackcloth and ashes, by his action at the Convention. Tweed himself is just as sure of it as he is of the existence of his "mansion" and stables on Fifth Avenue, and laughs over the attempts of the good people to drive him from power very much as MacCallummore or Shane O'Neill would have laughed, in the sixteenth century, if a sheriff had come up from Edinburgh or down from Dublin to arrest him for debt.

We are glad of all this for various reasons, but, most of all, because it will help still further to open the eyes of the optimists and theorists whose good-humored complacency is one of the great obstacles in the way of real reform. The best people of New York have never been fully aware of the gravity of the situation which has, for the last twenty years, been growing up in this city—partly through the carelessness and hopefulness which are bred of great material prosperity, and partly through total ignorance of the nature of the element which emigration has been introducing into our population. The newspapers have never pointed the facts as darkly as they might have pointed them; first, because no newspaper likes to play the part of a Cassandra, and, secondly, because they did not expect to be believed if they did. When the *Times* began its crusade against corruption and rascality, it labored hard and long before it got the public ear, or could secure public faith in its sincerity, and, indeed, if James O'Brien had not peached on the Ring, we greatly fear the gallant and public-spirited conductors of that paper would have found, by this time, that all they had got for their pains was the reputation of querulous, growling, ill-conditioned "slangwhangers."

The Citizens' Association, in its earlier and better days, instituted an investigation in the nature of a census, with the view of ascertaining the number of voters whom the Ring reached and controlled, or influenced, by the various instruments at its command—offices, sinecures, contracts, public works, untried indictments, suspended sentences, penalties, licenses, ordinances, and so on—and found that it was not less than 60,000, that is, nearly half the voting population of the city. Since then its powers have been greatly increased by concentration in fewer hands, and by the control of larger funds. This conveys a tolerably clear idea to anybody's mind. Most Americans understand how a vast system of corruption may be created out of such materials as these; but what most Americans do not understand is the moral and mental condition of the population in which this system operates. The good people in New York are, of course, of all races and come from all parts of the country; but the more active reformers are mostly of New England origin or education, or, at all events, are peculiarly and strongly American in the best sense of the term. Now, to this class it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that the region over which Tweed rules is as much a *terra incognita* as Montenegro or Albania. They send missionaries and teachers into it and go into it occasionally themselves, with food, and medicines, and tracts, but they know no more what the inhabitants of that dark land are thinking and saying, by what motives they are governed, how they look at American politics and society, what influences operate on them most powerfully, and what circumstances excite their distrust or confidence, than if they were still in Cork or Limerick. Most of Tweed's subjects are Irish Catholics; and if there be a character and temperament which to the Irish Catholic are peculiarly unsympathetic and repulsive, not to say irritating, it is those of the orderly, methodical, conscientious, cold, exacting American Protestant. He dislikes him, constitutionally, socially, and historically. He is the old "Saxon foe," modified, doubtless, and for the better in some ways, but for the worse in others; and he lives apart from him, and cannot co-operate with him cordially in any work not purely commercial, or in which sentiment plays any part. We might illus-

trate this indefinitely if we had space, or if it were necessary. Nearly everybody who lives in a large city can illustrate it for himself. There could hardly be a more striking revelation of the sources of Tweed's power than is to be found in the gulf which still separates American families from their Irish servants.

The American, on the other hand, finds it just as hard to understand the Irishman. In the first place, two centuries of self-government, self-dependence, and practice in affairs, and close calculation of the results of conduct, have given him a utilitarian habit of mind which has made of him the best politician the world ever saw. Indeed, so ingrained has his utilitarianism become, that he finds a man who acts from impulse in politics, and is not amenable to reason or persuadable by discussion, and is unwilling to be bound by the vote, and believes in occasionally closing an argument by a blow, almost incomprehensible—so incomprehensible that he even doubts the existence of large bodies of such persons. Wherever he sees disorders, and tumults, and revolutions, he ascribes them to the machinations of an aristocracy, and he fondly persuades himself that there is no people who would not be happy if the government were handed over to the majority. The average Northern man could not believe that the Southerners would really revolt till the shells began to burst under his nose; and three or four years ago it was calmly laid down, at a dinner given to M. Romero by a number of very intellectual men in this city, that universal suffrage was not only good for the Mexicans, but for all races and peoples on earth. Now, the whole system of morality which the American has built up around the ballot-box, his reverence for the decision of the majority, and his horror of bribery and frauds, are to the average Irish peasant simply ridiculous, and for this principal reason: the Irish Catholics—putting aside for the moment the difficulties in the way of constitutional government which in their case, as well as in that of the French, are created by temperament—are really, as regards political development, still in what we may call the clan stage—that is, they have not passed through the same process of political and social development as the other European races. The destruction of the power of the chiefs was not followed in Ireland by the admission of the people to a free political life, but by a kind of anarchy in which all political education was impossible. The only mode of deciding controversies ever seen was force; the only law, the will of a great man; the only source of security or plenty, somebody's bounty. The priest, in some degree, took the place of the chief, but as soon as the English political system was extended over the island, the old tribal ideas were at once applied to the elections. The voters went to the polls as to a faction-fight, and voting was done as a sign of devotion to a beloved leader, but a sign of the same kind as giving one of his enemies a blow with an oak stick. A man voted when no other way of rendering the service offered itself—that is, as one of many tactical devices for confounding the foe.

The application of all this to the state of things here is obvious. Tweed's retainers are fed by his bounty. The first thing one of them does on his arrival here is to take some one as his political guide; it is probably the most prominent and active man of his own faith and race in the ward, a grog-shop keeper whose house he frequents, or a contractor who employs him, and with whose ways of thinking and feeling he is familiar, and whose word he believes. All these henchmen are in Tweed's pay in one way or another, and their preachings are supplemented and enforced by enormous largesses, such as the \$50,000 in coal which he distributed last winter. The *Evening Post*, and a good many other excellent people, fancy his influence can be broken by sending in missionaries of the Republican party with tracts to tell the clansmen that Tweed is a rascal, and is robbing them; but we take leave to say that this is a delusion, and we wish we could call it a harmless one. There is only one body of men in this city who could do this work effectually, and that is the priests; but Tweed has secured himself against attacks from that quarter by means familiar to everybody. The proverb that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," is a terse statement of one of the great difficulties of politics. What the remedy is, we have left ourselves no room to state fully this week; but we repeat our belief that it will have to be more radical, and will need more courage than is generally imagined, and one por-

tion of it must be the call of the tax-gatherer on the largest possible portion of the population. The cheap and easy plan of making the large property-holders come in with their checks to the treasury must be given up. We must go, or make Tweed go, round to every room-keeper even, and get his contribution to the municipal expenses—that is, we must somehow put the government into the hands of men who pay taxes, and know they pay them. This would be costly and cumbersome, but to this or something like it we must come, if we would not come to something worse. To something worse we certainly shall come, if the plan of blinking the hard facts of the situation be persisted in.

BOHEMIANISM IN FRENCH POLITICS.

THE sentence passed on Rochefort—imprisonment for life in a fortress—excited a good deal of surprise in other countries, and especially in this, by its severity. It has since been commuted to banishment from France, owing partly to the intercession of friends, but principally, we suspect, to the painful evidences, revealed on the trial, of the man's utter feebleness of character. He broke down completely when arraigned before a court-martial and put in peril of his life, and had nothing better to falter out in defence of the lying articles in which he assailed the Versailles Government, during the reign of the Commune, than that their follies and falsehoods were due to "a nervous way of writing he had." The rigor of the court-martial was, however, fully approved by the French public, and for reasons all of which do not appear on the surface, and the weightiest of which have no relation to Rochefort personally. Rochefort really was by no means the worst of those concerned in the late troubles; indeed, he may be said to have been one of the best, and to have earned during the siege the thanks of the friends of order and decency. Nor were his literary labors under the Commune anything extraordinary in the matter of bitterness and unscrupulousness. His misfortune, or his crime, was that he appeared before the military tribunal as the representative of what has been called the "Bohemian element" in the Commune; or, in other words, the chief of the band of broken-down littérateurs, lawyers, doctors, and students who did so much through their speeches at the clubs, and their articles in the *petite presse*, to make the Commune possible, and who played so large a part in carrying it on after it was set up.

The more that is known about the Commune, the stranger it seems; and there was, perhaps, nothing so strange and startling in its history as the appearance in it of a swarm of adventurers from the Quartier Latin, with pretensions more or less well founded to education, and who had nothing in common with the working-classes, for whose benefit the Commune professed to be established, except poverty. A remarkable paper on the part played by this low literary element in Parisian society in the late troubles, from the pen of M. Caro, of the Institute, appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of July 15, and it is worth reading by anybody who wants to understand the hatred with which men of Rochefort's stamp are now regarded by the conservative portion of French society—that is to say, by four-fifths of it. To be a "Bohemian," in the French sense of the term, as originated, we believe, by Henri Murger, who was the original Bohemian, one has not only to be averse to regular industry, unable or unwilling to follow any regular vocation, fond of physical enjoyment, indifferent to all the things which constitute "respectability," but also to be, ostensibly at least, a worshipper of "art"—that is, of an ideal standard of excellence, whether in painting, music, or literature. Every great city contains a large number of persons of this stamp, but Paris a far larger number than any other, for several obvious reasons. The condition of the French professions and of French commerce is such that failure to root one's self at the outset in a fixed calling is almost irretrievable. The barriers between one pursuit and another are rarely surmountable, and society is singularly intolerant of anything like enterprise or fertility of resource; and the spirit of adventure, which at one time sent its restless spirits out to found new states, or make great conquests, has been completely dead for over a century. Then, it must be admitted that the tendency to "loaf" which is the besetting sin of all persons whose work is completely in their own hands and may be done at one time as well as another, displays itself strongly in the

French character. The frequency with which all through the provincial towns one finds the husband playing dominoes at the *café*, at broad noon, while the wife is attending the store, is a familiar illustration of it. Then, the drift of young men to Paris to seek their fortune, as well as to study, and the obstacles to anything like quiet and persistent devotion to a calling which Paris life has for the last twenty years more particularly offered, are things the like of which is not seen in any other capital. The failures of all professions gather there, and they are met by all the vaguely ambitious, the idle, the lazy, the greedy, and the envious, and the good-for-nothing of all kinds, and the whole of them devote themselves to two things—writing for the press, painting pictures, and making love to sewing-girls. We published in the *Nation*, three years ago, some articles descriptive of life among the art students, which gave a vivid picture of the singular, and many people would say the awful, moral condition of the whole Bohemian world; the complete extinction among them of belief in anything, or admiration for anything, but “art” and material luxury. They were not even proud of being Frenchmen, but of being “very civilized.”

In the beginning, Bohemians were simply poor and unsuccessful, so that though, according to their own account, nearly all that was heroic or genuine in French society, and all the insight in art, and literature, and philosophy which Providence had allotted to the people, had taken refuge among them, the problem which mainly occupied their minds when they got up in the morning was the means of finding a dinner or paying for their lodging. Out of this phase, which, as it appeared in their literature, lasted about ten years, they passed into the envious and malignant phase, and devoted themselves to reviling the successful in all walks of life, especially in art and literature, and accounting for it by disgraceful events in their career. Under the Empire, for the first time, Bohemia turned its attention to politics and sociology, and, from hating successful artists and authors, took to hating all well-to-do people, and all people who had established themselves in any walk of life, and the “*petite presse*,” as it was called, appeared, consisting of a swarm of little papers, mostly short-lived, filled with scandalous stories of and attacks on persons occupying respectable positions, and revelling in the sense of discomfort and alarm they spread through the community. It was evident they were now making war on society as a whole. In the latter days of the Empire, however, they turned their attention to the crapulous and unclean horde of courtiers and speculators who had gathered round the Tuileries, and delighted the Parisian world for some months by the incivility and brutality of some of their exposures, and even seduced many into the belief that the Bohemians were going to turn moralists. About this time, Rochefort, who was one of them, came to the surface with his *Lanterne*, and devoted himself wholly to the Emperor and his family, sparing neither age nor sex, and rapidly grew, to the disgrace of French society, into a political personage. His filthy libels and lampoons did more to shake the Empire than all the eloquence and labor of the opposition in the Chambers. But the Bohemians never really appeared above-ground till the clubs were opened in 1868-9. When the meetings began, it was remarked that the workmen who appeared at them as orators, and who, wild as many of their notions were, were really in earnest, were far outnumbered by seedy-looking “doctors” and “advocates” and elderly “law and medical students,” the editorial corps of papers which never got beyond No. 1, all of whom began to devote themselves, as M. Caro says, wholly to “transcendental politics and humanitarian regeneration.” There appeared with them a considerable force of female lecturers, or, as he calls them, “*conférencières*,” who maintained with great fierceness that the failure of the first Revolution was due to its neglecting the emancipation of woman. Several of these started little papers, and developed a new type of journalist—the “*journaliste communeuse*.” M. Thiers had no more ferocious enemies than these; according to them, the old rascal was always “drunk with the people’s blood and sweat.” What made their adhesion to the cause of the Commune all the more singular was, that they have been shockingly treated by some of the leading male socialists. Proudhon has cruelly castigated them, but none of the sect has been so unrelenting as Bebel, the great German apostle of

the Communists, who says, “as to woman, with very rare exceptions, she can be of no use in the reconstruction of society. The slave of every prejudice, tainted with all sorts of diseases, moral and physical, she will be the stumbling-block of progress. Towards her it will be necessary to employ—morally, certainly, *physically, perhaps*—the peremptory argument used with the inbred slaves—the stick.”

The *Marseillaise*, perhaps, marked the highest point reached by Bohemian journalism. One of its “staff,” Paschal Grousset, was made Minister of Foreign Affairs by the Commune, and amused himself and the world by sending despatches to the Prussian commander and notifying Europe of his accession to office. Scores of others of the tribe became magistrates, inspectors, judges, and commissioners, and had a brief taste of power and luxury, enough to console them probably for years of penury and obscurity. The descent of the Positive philosophers into the arena, many of whom were tickled by the Commune’s contempt for majorities, gave the farce a curious air of science which sat oddly on many of the Bohemians. Raoul Rigault, a licentious rascal, who acted as Procureur of the Commune, talked flippantly on spontaneous generation, a theory which greatly delighted him, just as he was going to execute the unfortunate hostages at La Roquette. “It makes creation completely useless,” said he, “and God, if he existed, would be good for nothing, except to be shot.”

We ought to add that M. Caro ascribes a good deal of influence on the course of events to the Bohemians’ love of absinthe, which they drink regularly, and of the deleterious effects of which on the brain tissues doctors are now fully satisfied. But, in spite of the general and hideous absurdity of the performance, there was in it a certain method, from the Bohemian point of view. They realized in the Commune a thoroughly Bohemian dream of riches and power acquired without labor, and retained simply by continuous and incoherent talking, and it ended, like a splendid theatrical *finale*, in a glorious and exciting scene of flame and blood. There was one incident in the story which is hardly short of delicious in its pathos and simplicity. The Communist Minister of Public Instruction published, during his brief tenure of office, a periodical at the public expense, in which he printed the articles which he had for years offered in vain to the brutal editors of the old society. He at least had his revenge, and saw the dawning of the better day.

NIAGARA.

I.

NIAGARA, September 28.

MY journey hitherward by a morning’s sail from Toronto across Lake Ontario, seemed to me, as regards a certain dull vacuity in this episode of travel, a kind of calculated preparation for the uproar of Niagara—a pause or hush on the threshold of a great sensation; and this, too, in spite of the reverent attention I was mindful to bestow on the first-seen, in my experience, of the great lakes. It has the merit, from the shore, of producing a slight perplexity of vision. It is the sea, and yet just not the sea. The huge expanse, the landless line of the horizon, suggest the ocean; while an indefinable shortness of pulse, a kind of fresh-water gentleness of tone, seem to contradict the idea. What meets the eye is on the ocean scale, but you feel somehow that the lake is a thing of smaller spirit. Lake navigation, therefore, seems to me not especially entertaining. The scene tends to offer, as one may say, a sort of marine-effect *manqué*. It has the blankness and vacancy of the sea without that vast essential swell which, amid the belting brine, so often saves the situation to the eye. I was occupied, as we crossed, in wondering whether this dull reduction of the ocean contained that which could properly be termed “scenery.” At the mouth of the Niagara River, however, after a three hours’ sail, scenery really begins, and very soon crowds upon you in force. The steamer puts into the narrow channel of the stream, and heads upward between high embankments. From this point, I think, you really enter into relations with Niagara. Little by little the elements become a picture, rich with the shadows of coming events. You have a foretaste of the great spectacle of color which you enjoy at the Falls. The even cliffs of red-brown earth are now crusted, now spotted, with autumnal orange and crimson, and laden with this ardent boskage plunge sheer into the deep-dyed green of the river. As you proceed, the river begins to tell its tale—at first in broken syllables of foam and flurry, and then, as it were,

in rushing, flashing sentences and passionate interjections. Onwards from Lewiston, where you are transferred from the boat to the train, you see it from the cope of the American cliff, far beneath you, now superbly unnavigable. You have a lively sense of something happening ahead; the river, as a man near me said, has evidently been in a row. The cliffs here are immense; they form genuine *vomitoria* worthy of the living floods whose exit they protect. This is the first act of the drama of Niagara; for it is, I believe, one of the commonplaces of description that you instinctively harmonize and dramatize it. At the station pertaining to the railway suspension-bridge, you see in mid-air beyond an interval of murky confusion produced by the further bridge, the smoke of the trains, and the thickened atmosphere of the peopled bank, a huge far-flashing sheet which glares through the distance as a monstrous absorbent and irradiant of light. And here, in the interest of the picturesque, let me note that this obstructive bridge tends in a way to enhance the first glimpse of the cataract. Its long black span, falling dead along the shining brow of the Falls, seems shivered and smitten by their fierce effulgence, and trembles across the field of vision like some mighty mote in an excess of light. A moment later, as the train proceeds, you plunge into the village, and the cataract, save as a vague ground-tone to this trivial interlude, is, like so many other goals of æsthetic pilgrimage, temporarily postponed to the hotel.

With this postponement comes, I think, an immediate decline of expectation; for there is every appearance that the spectacle you have come so far to see is to be choked in the horribly vulgar shops and booths and catchpenny artifices which have pushed and elbowed to within the very spray of the Falls, and ply their importunities in shrill competition with its thunder. You see a multitude of hotels and taverns and shops, glaring with white paint, bedizened with placards and advertisements, and decorated by groups of those gentlemen who flourish most rankly on the soil of New York and in the vicinage of hotels; who carry their hands in their pockets, wear their hats always and every way, and, although of a sedentary habit, yet spurn the earth with their heels. A side-glimpse of the Falls, however, calls out one's philosophy; you reflect that this is but such a sordid foreground as Turner liked to use; you hurry to where the roar grows louder, and, I was going to say, you escape from the village. In fact, however, you don't escape from it; it is constantly at your elbow, just to the right or the left of the line of contemplation. It would be paying Niagara a poor compliment to say that, practically, she does not hurl off this chaffering by-play from her cope; but as you value the integrity of your impression, you are bound to affirm that it hereby suffers appreciable abatement. You wonder, as you stroll about, whether it is altogether an unrighteous dream that with the slow progress of culture, and the possible or impossible growth of some larger comprehension of beauty and fitness, the public conscience may not tend to ensure to such sovereign phases of nature something of the inviolability and privacy which we are slow to bestow, indeed, upon fame, but which we do not grudge at least to art. We place a great picture, a great statue, in a museum: we erect a great monument in the centre of our largest square, and if we can suppose ourselves nowadays building a cathedral, we should certainly isolate it as much as possible and subject it to no ignoble contact. We cannot build about Niagara with walls and a roof, nor girdle it with a palisade, but the sentimental tourist may muse upon the chances of its being guarded by the negative homage of empty spaces and absent barracks and decent forbearance. The actual abuse of the scene belongs evidently to that immense class of iniquities which are destined to grow very much worse in order to grow a very little better. The good humor engendered by the main spectacle bids you suffer it to run its course.

Though hereabouts so much is great, distances are small, and a ramble of two or three hours enables you to gaze hither and thither from a dozen standpoints. The one you are likely to choose first is that on the Canada cliff, something above the suspension bridges. The great fall faces you, enshrined in the surging increase of its own resounding mists. The common feeling just here, I believe, is one of disappointment at its want of height; the vision grasps less in quantity than it had been prompted to expect. My own sense, I confess, was absolutely gratified from the first; and, indeed, not the bulk and volume of the matter, but its exquisite expression, seemed to me paramount. You are, moreover, at some distance, and you feel that with the lessening interval you will not be cheated of your chance to be dazzled with pure size. Already you see the world-famous green, baffling painters, baffling poets, clear and lucid on the lip of the precipice; the more so, of course, for the clouds of silver and snow into which it drops transformed. The whole picture before you

is admirably simple. The Horseshoe gleams and glares and boils and smokes from the centre to the right, drumming itself dim with vapors; in the centre, the dark pedestal of Goat Island divides the double flood; to the left booms and smokes the minor thunder of the American Fall; and, on a level with the eye, above the still crest of either cataract, appear the white faces of the uttermost rapids. The circle of weltering froth at the base of the Horseshoe, emerging from the dead white vapors—absolute white, as moonless midnight is absolute black—which muffle impenetrably the final crash of the plunge, melts slowly into the powerful green of the lower river. It seems a mighty drama in itself, this blanched survival and recovery of the stream. It stretches away like a tired swimmer, struggling from the snowy scum and the silver drift, and passing slowly from an eddying foam-sheet, touched with green lights, to a cold stony green, streaked and marbled with trails and wild arabesques of foam. This is the beginning of that air of unforgotten trouble which marks the river as you meet it at the lake. The ultimate green I speak of is of admirable hue—the clearest, the greenest, the coldest of all greens—a green as sombre and steady as most greens are light and inconstant. So it shifts along, with a sort of measured pride, deep and lucid, and yet of immense body, the most stately, the least turbid of torrents. Its movement, its sweep, and progression are as admirable as its color, but as little as its color to be made a matter of words. These things are but part of a spectacle in which nothing is imperfect. As you draw nearer and nearer, on the Canada cliff, to the right arm of the Horseshoe, the mass begins in all conscience to be large enough. You are able at last to stand on the very cope of the shelf from which the leap is taken, bathing your boot-tips, if you like, in the side-ooze of the glassy curve. I may say, in parenthesis, that the importunities one suffers here, amid the central din of the cataract, from hackmen and photographers and venders of gimcracks, are simply hideous and infamous. The road is lined with little drinking-shops and warehouses, and from these retreats their occupants dart forth in competition upon the hapless traveller with talk of their pigmy side-shows. I can but ask—need such things be? You purchase release at last by a great outlay of the small coin of dogged "No's," and stand steeped in long looks at the most beautiful object in the world.

Correspondence.

THE REDUCTION OF DUTY ON SUGAR AND COFFEE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Notwithstanding I differ totally from you on the question of protection, I am happy to concede to you the rare merit of fairness in argument. Your auxiliary in the contest, the *New York Evening Post*, seems unable or unwilling to be just when a point can be made in favor of free trade. In its issue of September 23 will be found an article trying to explain the awkward fact that, though the duty on sugar has been reduced about one cent per pound, and on coffee two cents per pound, the prices of these articles are to-day as high as they were a year ago under the old tariff. The writer, after groping in the dark for a reason, says boldly the one cent on sugar "is divided between the refiner and dealer," and on coffee "the gain is enjoyed by the wholesale and retail dealers."

In regard to coffee, a writer in the same journal explained, under date of September 26, that the cause of high prices in this case was a deficiency in the crop, which, of course, produced higher prices throughout the civilized world. The producer got the benefit of the advanced prices, and the dealer had nothing more than his usual small profit for importing and distributing. The same fact is true in regard to sugar. Our chief supply comes from Cuba, and there the deficiency in the crop is estimated at from 20 to 30 per cent. The result has been a rise in prices in Cuba. No. 12 (Dutch standard) sugars, September 16, 1871, were worth 10½ to 11 reals, and last year, September 17, they were 9 to 9¼ reals.

This rise dates back to the beginning of the free deliveries to this country—July 8, 1871, 11¼ to 11½ reals; July 9, 1870, 9 to 9¼ reals; April 29, 1871, 10¼ to 10½ reals; April 30, 1870, 8¼ to 8½ reals. It seems pretty clear that the importer has to pay more for his sugar than he did last year. If the *Evening Post* had consulted any of that class of merchants, he might have found out that the one cent remitted by a generous government from its duties may have gone to Cuba, but certainly did not stick by the way in the importer's hands. But he adds, the refiner got a part. The exact truth is, that the refiners, as a class, do not import their sugars. They buy the raw sugar in the open market, and their gain or loss is in the difference between the price of raw and refined sugars, de-

ducting the expense of manufacture. If raw sugar is 9 cents or 10 cents per pound, they have to buy it, and the change in tariff is of no direct importance to them.

To compare last year with this, taking the printed prices current: September 14, 1871, good to prime refining, $9\frac{5}{8}$ to $9\frac{3}{4}$ cents; crushed, 13 cents—September 15, 1870, good to prime refining, $9\frac{5}{8}$ to $9\frac{3}{4}$ cents; crushed, $13\frac{3}{8}$ cents. That is, the refiner pays as much for his raw material as he did a year ago, and gets three-eighths of a cent less for his refined product. I really cannot see that any part of the one cent comes into the refiner's possession.

It is fair to say, then, that this year's experience proves that a reduction in the tariff cannot secure low prices if the rest of the world has to pay high prices. The figures, without explanation, are neither for nor against free trade, but the explanation does show that the importer on the seaboard has no direct interest in prices, except so far as low prices encourage importations and enable him to do a larger business. The sugar refiners are in the same position. High prices are not in their favor, since the difference between raw and refined sugars is their only source of profit. The whole point of their interest in the tariff has been to have the scale so graduated that refined, or partially refined, sugar, the product of slave or pauper labor, should not be allowed to come in at a rate of duty which would prevent the use of American manufactures. Their position is that of the cotton manufacturers, or other producers of articles not far advanced beyond the crude state. They do not ask for an undue protection to build up a new enterprise, but simply such a rate of duty as will pay a moderate rate of interest to the owner, and such wages to the workmen as Americans insist upon having.

U. C.

Notes.

MESSRS. DODD & MEAD's fall publications include a new work by President Porter, on the trustworthiness of induction in philosophy; a popular work on "Corals and Coral Islands," by Prof. James D. Dana, with numerous original illustrations; "The Theology of the New Testament," a hand-book for Bible students, by Dr. Van Oosterzee, professor in the University of Utrecht; "A Comparative History of Religions," by Prof. James C. Moffat, of Princeton; "Bible Lore," by James Cowper Gray; "Heroes of Puritan Times," by John Stoughton; and a new series of stories for the young, by Jacob Abbott.—"The Character of Christ: Does it Supply an Adequate Basis for a Religion?"—a paper which lately appeared in the *Contemporary Review*—will be reprinted by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. They will also publish, for the American Tract Society of Boston, Dean Howson's "Metaphors of St. Paul" and "Companions of St. Paul."—Noticeable works on the list of Harper & Bros. are "Woman's Worth and Worthlessness," the complement to "A New Atmosphere," by Gail Hamilton; "The Hand of Desolation," a record of Arctic travel, by Dr. I. I. Hayes; "Life and Letters of Catharine M. Sedgwick," by Mary E. Dewey; "The Rise and Fall of the Paris Commune in 1871," by W. Pembroke Frettridge, a witness of the events described; and the following reprints: "The Earth," by Élisée Reclus; "The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley," by Rev. Luke Tyerman.—Macmillan & Co. announce "Historical Essays," by Edward A. Freeman; "Legends of the Old Testament," collected from Talmudical and Rabbinical Sources, by S. Baring-Gould; "A History of Philosophy, Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern," by Rev. F. D. Maurice; "The Life and Works of Raphael," with twenty autotype illustrations.—Roberts Bros. will publish Philip G. Hamerton's "Unknown River: An Etcher's Voyage of Discovery," with 37 etchings from nature by the author; an illustrated edition of Lord Houghton's sweet child's song, "Good Night and Good Morning"; an illuminated edition of the Sermon on the Mount; "Arabesques—Four Stories of the Supernatural," by Mrs. Richard S. Greenough; Miss Rossetti's nursery rhyme-book, "Sing Song," with 120 illustrations by Arthur Hughes; and the admirable manual, "English Lessons for English People," by Messrs. Abbott and Seeley.—Huxley's "Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals" is announced as in press by Mr. Henry C. Lea, of Philadelphia.

—According to the late census, New York State has a total population of 4,382,759; Pennsylvania, 3,521,791; Ohio, 2,665,260; and Illinois, 2,539,891. The following six Northern and five Southern States have each a population rising one million, viz.: Missouri, 1,721,295; Indiana, 1,680,637; Massachusetts, 1,457,351; Iowa, 1,191,792; Michigan, 1,184,059; Wisconsin, 1,054,670; and Kentucky, 1,321,011; Tennessee, 1,258,520; Virginia, 1,235,163; Georgia, 1,184,109; North Carolina, 1,071,361. In six States, all

Northern, the foreign-born population exceeds 300,000, viz.: New York, 1,138,353, chiefly Irish and German (about 1 to 3 of the native-born); Pennsylvania, 545,261 (1 to 5); Illinois, 515,198 (1 to 4); Ohio, 372,493 (1 to 6); Wisconsin, 364,499, almost wholly German (1 to 2, a proportion which the next census may almost reverse); Massachusetts, 353,319, chiefly Irish (1 to 3). The colored population exceeds 300,000 in eight States, all Southern, viz.: Georgia, 545,142 (about 6 to 7 of the whites); Virginia, 512,841 (5 to 7); Alabama, 475,510 (9 to 10); Mississippi, 444,201 (7 to 6); South Carolina, 415,814 (6 to 4); North Carolina, 391,650 (4 to 7); Louisiana, 364,210 (almost exactly the same as the white population, 362,065); Tennessee, 322,331 (1 to 3). The Chinese population, including about 100 Japanese, amounts for the whole United States to but 63,254, of which number only 168 are found in the North. California has 49,310; Idaho, 4,274; Oregon, 3,330; Nevada, 3,152; and Montana, 1,949. Comparing the fifteen States first mentioned, the largest rate of increase since 1860 is shown by Iowa, being a doubling of its population about every 11 years; Michigan would double in 17, Illinois in 20, Missouri in 22, Wisconsin in 28, Indiana in 40, Pennsylvania in 47, Massachusetts in 55, Ohio and Kentucky in 70, New York in 77, Georgia and Tennessee in 80, North Carolina in 125, and Virginia in about 2,000. Virginia has, in fact, increased by less than 6,000, and shows more than any other Southern State the combined effects of slavery and the war.

—The change from agriculture to manufactures in Massachusetts, of which we spoke last week, and which has been quietly but steadily going on for many years, is exhibited in the history of Leicester. This town celebrated, last Fourth of July, the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of its organization, and, from the pamphlet report of the proceedings, we learn that as early as 1814 the manufacture of woollen cloths was begun there, and "the once fitful brooks, which ran to waste between drought and freshet, turned into perennial sources of enterprise and wealth"; that Leicester has been the parent (by division) of several manufacturing villages; and that, notwithstanding the natural obstacles in the way of making a connection by railroad with other places, it is earnestly bent on being so connected, and believes, in the language of one of the toasts, that, if the town is "too high for a railroad," it is "too low to be contented without one," and looks to the narrow-gauge for a solution of all engineering difficulties. The hilly roads a century ago did not deter the rich merchant Jews of Newport from settling (some of them) in Leicester, on the occupation of Rhode Island by the British in December, 1776. In their new home "they not only found a ready welcome, but intimacies and friendships grew up between the citizens and them which lasted as long they lived." Their trading-house was afterwards used as an academy, which became famous throughout the State, being the third chartered. The Quakers also were once numerous in Leicester, where such was the general religious harmony that "the town and the parish remained entire until 1833," and "the pastorates of six ministers cover the whole one hundred and fifty years."

—We do not know of any American newspaper-English which we like better, as English, than that of Mr. George Alfred Townsend, generally the *Washington*, but in vacation the roving correspondent ("Gath") of the *Chicago Tribune*. Our readers are not ignorant of Mr. Townsend's services at the capital, where he has distinguished himself as a hater of shams and friendly to all those measures of political reform to which the better portion of the Republican party is irrevocably committed. It is, to be sure, sometimes easier to be amused by Mr. Townsend's personalities than to apologize for them. There is a humor and a picturesqueness about them which is nothing less than poetical; and in fact this writer's claim to the title of poet might be as satisfactorily established from his prose as from the clever volume of verses which he lately published. Here, for instance, is a characteristic extract from a recent letter of his in the *Tribune*, in which that peculiarly American invention, the "base-burner," is put to a use not designated in the letters-patent. Mr. Groesbeck, of Ohio, is the person he alludes to in the beginning:

"He is one of the few wealthy men in America who has no active profession, and who is equally uninterested in other people's business. This gains him the name of being an aristocrat, and makes him offensive to the class of Democrats who attend primary meetings. With like consistency, these same chaps also allege that he is close, penurious, self-intent, and no radiator. Our fellow-citizen, as you are aware, must be a kind of Morning-Glory stove, with window-lights in him to let us see precisely how much fuel he burns, and how it is glowing; and he must, besides, throw off powerful beams of warmth while we all sit around with our feet on him, spitting underneath him now and then. We want our great man right in the family, amongst the pictures of Washington, the Horse Fair, and the Village Blacksmith—otherwise he is an aristocrat, particularly in Cincinnati."

—Scribner & Co. have just received two books which will interest the lovers of William Blake. One is a copy of the translation, or travestie, as it rather deserves to be called, of Bürger's "Leonora," by J. F. Stanley, published by William Miller, London, 1796. The present edition is the second, and the translator makes no bones of confessing that, out of respect to morality and religion, he has discarded his original version, in which he would appear to have followed his author as closely as possible, and made another, in which Bürger's story is entirely changed, so far as the catastrophe is concerned. He gives his reasons for this absurd performance with the most perfect assurance and self-satisfaction. His publisher, however, appears to have had his doubts, for, in a prefatory note, he informs the public that he has appended the original German to Mr. Stanley's version, a proceeding which shows a lamentable indifference, on his part, to the morals and religion of his better-educated patrons. He says, also, that he has adorned this present edition with new engravings, but neither the name of Blake, who made three designs for the English version, nor those of D. Chodowiecke and Harding, who made, the first, one illustration, and the other two, to the German of Bürger, are mentioned, either on the title-page or in the publisher's introductory note. The three designs by Blake are engraved by a certain Perry, while the other three are all engraved by Harding, who, as we have said, also designed two of them. We should like to see more of Perry's work, for as it shows in the last two designs—where are all Blake's tenderness and grace, with that deep earnestness of his that lifts these qualities far above all taint of mawkishness and sentimentality—this engraver, otherwise unknown to us, shows that he knew something of the master whose work he was translating. In the first design, which is in Blake's "terrible way," the engraver could not so well follow him. Gilchrist speaks of all three designs at length, and so well, that we may better refer the reader who wishes to know more about them to him. Gilchrist makes a mistake, not very important, to be sure, in attributing two of the three illustrations of the German poem to Chodowiecke. They are paltry enough, but Chodowiecke is only responsible for one of them. We may just add that a very instructive comparison might be made to his class by a teacher of a school of design between the first of these illustrations of Blake's, where William is carrying off Leonora on the hell-horse, and the avenging angel on horseback, either in Raphael's Heliodorus or in the representation of the same subject by Allston. There is a drawing by the Japanese Oksai, illustrative of a similar theme, which, for fire and spirit, would well deserve to enter into such a comparison.

—The other book is a "mounted" copy of Gilchrist's "Life of Blake," containing, beside the usual amount of interesting but rather "lugged in" matter relating to persons and places mentioned by the way, quite a number of specimens of Blake's work seldom met with, and interesting to readers of Gilchrist's book. There is a complete set of Blake's illustrations to Thornton's Virgil; three designs by Stothard, engraved by Blake, when he was working for the rather shabby English Raphael; two illustrations, designed and engraved by Blake for Mary Wollstonecraft's "Tales for Children" (Gilchrist gives a wood-cut reproduction of another of the set); Blake's etching of Cowper's monument, as altered (with a vengeance!) from Flaxman's design, by Mr. Hayley; six designs by Mrs. Maria Flaxman, the sculptor's wife, to Hayley's poem, "The Triumphs of Temper"—these are weakly graceful productions in the Flaxman-Stothard school, with something added by Blake, as we think, of his own; two of the designs made by Blake to illustrate Hayley's "Ballads." One is for "The Eagle," and is Blake at his best in this direction; the other is for "The Lion," and contains a touch of Blake at his quaintest in the shape of the Lion himself, a little woolly poodle from the toy-shop standing on a bank. The volume also contains eight plates from some one of Blake's "illuminated" books which seems to have been unknown to Gilchrist and Rossetti, as neither mentions it. It would appear to have been a collection of aphorisms, each of which is illustrated by colored figures of personages. Each design is about an inch square, the letterpress is printed in pale yellowish ink, and the color-printing of the figures is clumsily done, often obscuring quite hopelessly the design. They are not very valuable as art, but are interesting as records or hints of one of Blake's methods.

—Our readers may like to know something of the way in which these "mounted" books, of which we see so many nowadays, are produced. It has come to be a regular business, and gives employment and a good living to a considerable number of persons. One man in particular has made himself a name by his skill in this manufacture. He buys wherever he can lay his hands on them, but principally at auctions, all illustrated books, no

matter what may be their subjects. The illustrations are cut out carefully, with as little injury to the book as possible, and they are then accurately classified and put into portfolios. The man we speak of as having gained a name for himself in this business employs several boys, who are kept busy cutting out, assorting, and indexing the illustrations. This indexing is done with great care, and the portfolios are gone over every day, to see that their contents are in order. Suppose "Sir Walter Scott's Life and Works" to be the book to be "mounted." The master takes his place at the table, round which stand the boys with their portfolios, and reads over the index appended to any edition of Scott. Perhaps the first word in the index is "Abbotsford." The apprentices dash at their portfolios, examine their several indexes, call out, "Here's Abbotsford, sir," "Here's another," and no matter how many there may be, the master takes them all, if they are different one from another. Then to the next word in the index, and any engraving connected however slightly with the word, or however slightly with the subject of the work to be illustrated, is fish for the mounter's net. In their mechanical execution, the neatness with which the illustrations are mounted, the skill with which the binder has done his part—and not every binder can bind a "mounted" book—these volumes are often very attractive. But they are also often queer messes, and it is painful to a real lover of books to think how many beautiful, rare, and valuable books must have been mutilated, and destroyed for men of his kind, by these remorseless fanatics.

—The lover of books, too, may be curious to know what becomes of the volumes out of which the illustrations have been cut by the book-mounter. They are made up into lots and sold at auction for whatever they will fetch, and the sum, no matter what it may be, is set down to the credit of the mounted book in estimating its market value. The mutilated books are—the reader may be surprised to hear—eagerly sought after by lending-libraries of all sorts, "Circulating," "Mechanics," "Sunday-school," Village libraries, reading-clubs, book-clubs, etc. These institutions greatly prefer books without illustrations, because these are never cut or mutilated, while no book with pictures in it is safe. One library in our own city makes it a rule never, if it be possible to avoid it, to buy a book with illustrations, and our informant assures us that the now-retired head librarian of a great public library in this city was very hostile to illustrated books, and when a new book was to be bought for the library, if it belonged to the obnoxious class, he would say, with an emphatic gesture, "Oh! pshaw, it has pictures in it!" The explanation, therefore, is simple, when one sees on some second-hand book-shelf the copy of Moore's "Epicurean," or of Rogers's "Poems," or of "The Landscape Annual," that he has been hunting after for years, and eagerly seizes it with a glow at the heart, only to find, and not for the first or second time either, that all the plates are gone. They have probably suffered transmigration into some "mounted book."

—Chapman & Hall have made another hit—since the success of the "People's Edition of Carlyle's Works," which has reached a sale of 30,000 a month—in the astonishing popularity of their new illustrated edition of Charles Dickens's works, published weekly, a sheet, or signature, at a time, for a penny a sheet. The sale at the last advices has reached 150,000 a week! This, we believe, is a greater sale than was ever reached before by any book. But the edition very well deserves its success. The shape and size of the volume is handy, the print, though in double-columns, is clear and large, and the illustrations by young Mr. Dalziel are original and clever.

—Perhaps, with the subdivision of learning that attends the increase of the world's knowledge and of knowable things, scholars and investigators may contrive a plan of classifying, and, so to speak, pigeon-holing their comments, conjectures, and discoveries in a way very imperfectly answered by any "notes and queries" ever attempted. For a certain sort of subjects (by no means few), we can imagine in each case a society, or section, or learned committee (domestic or foreign), which would be the natural recipient of everything published relating to its specialty, and which at stated intervals would digest, summarize, and republish these contributions along with its regular transactions. An exchange of transactions between societies having the same object would then make the sum of knowledge acquired during a given period accessible to students in every country, with the minimum of labor in research, much that would otherwise have been overlooked being thus garnered up, sifted, ordered, and indexed. In this way, too, some things would be settled once for all, as an example of which, as well as of the kind of information that ought not to be left to take its chance of being brought to the attention of specialists, we may cite the explanation of two words in Chaucer, published in the *Athenæum*

of September 23, premising that each has heretofore been a *crux* that baffled commentators. One is "Atazir," in line 305 of "The Man of Lawes Tale":

"O Mars, O Atazir, as in this cas."

This is the Spanish form of the Arabic *attathir*, influence, and "was used in Spanish as an astrological term, signifying either the influence of one star upon another, or the influence of a star upon the fortunes of men. Chaucer evidently used it in a bad sense, as much as to say, 'O evil influence!'" For the proper interpretation of a second Arabic derivative, "dalcarnon," in the phrase "to be at *dalcarnon*," or at wit's end, we must refer to the article in the *Athenæum*. We hope there is a Chaucer pigeon-hole ready for it, and an appropriate pigeon-hole for the highly-plausible filling up of a lacuna in the Moabite Stone proposed in the last number of the *Academy* (Sept. 15).

—Attention has just been called in Germany to the anomalous character and arbitrary powers of the officer known as the "University Judge," who administers punishment for all infractions, by students, of moral law or university discipline. This functionary at the University of Berlin is Lehnerdt, a law professor, and he has very harshly exercised his authority on an occasion like the following: At the close of the war with France, the students assembled in regular meeting in order to file a petition for the abolition of certain inveterate abuses in the administration, but the committee which they appointed was promptly dissolved by the senate, on the ground that it was partly composed of persons not regular students. A fresh committee to which this objection could not be brought was immediately appointed, and apparently with impunity. At the close of the semester, however (Aug. 15), when the majority of the students had left Berlin, and a disturbance was therefore not to be apprehended, the judge Lehnerdt pounced upon the sixteen committee-men, and dismissed them for ever from the university, refusing them a legal defence and even a copy of his decision. In addition, they were compelled to pass one night in the "Carcer," and to pledge themselves to leave Berlin by the first conveyance; and a university official was deputed to admit no relations to visit them, nor any letters, unless read by the judge himself, and to attend them constantly until they got off. Such conduct recalls too forcibly the days when students were restrained by the Government as natural revolutionists, and suggests the abolition both of the special privileges of the students—a mediæval tradition—and the university judge. The affair has caused an unpleasant impression, and is generally condemned by the unofficial press in Germany.

—The religious movement in Germany presents so many phases that it can scarcely be followed by foreigners with the interest it deserves. Last month witnessed the "Protestant-day" at Darmstadt, where it was discussed not only what Protestantism should do in view of the latest phase of Romanism, but how free-thinking Protestants should meet the so-called clerical element in their own church. A monster conference, held soon after at Munich, Sept. 23 and 24, was attended in crowds by the "Old Catholics," among whom Father Hyacinthe reckoned himself and put in a personal appearance. The main topics proposed for discussion were: the restriction of the Papal Power, the return of the legislative power in church matters to the general councils of the church, the election of the clergy by the laity, the abolition of celibacy, the foundation of parish organizations on the principles of the early church, and the relation of the church to the national element. The delegate from Switzerland to the Munich gathering was chosen at a large meeting of "Old Catholics" at Aarau. On the other hand, 2,000 of the Pope's adherents, who, perhaps, must be called "Neo-Catholics," assembled at Fribourg, in Switzerland, to celebrate the anniversary of the founding of the Pius Verein, an association for propagating the Roman Catholic religion. This meeting sent by telegraph, through its chairman, the president of the association, an address of sympathy and respect to the Pope. A Capuchin monk, who is said to have taken his audience by storm, indulged in the following declamation:

"There is first liberty, then liberalism, and, lastly, license. There is also pagan liberalism, heretical liberalism, and Catholic liberalism. The last is the worst of all, the Holy Father having declared it to be especially dangerous, and it is difficult to understand what it really means. Luther is the father of modern liberalism and impiety, and one of his most devoted disciples, Guizot, has followed in his footsteps by insisting that the church should only speak to the heart and intellect, and discard altogether any appeal to physical force. Now, I unhesitatingly tell you that, in my opinion, the state is the true father of the family. The Liberals want us to bring up children by kind words and persuasion; the Holy Scriptures, on the contrary, tell us to chastise them. St. Francis de Sales was well

whipped by his father for his first and last fault, and so effectual was the correction that he never forgot it. The state, in the same way, ought to employ, not argument, but the rod. Liberalism has produced assassination, ignorance, and immorality, and socialism is its natural offspring. I will cite only the two revolutions of 1793 and 1870 as proofs of the correctness of what I assert. Stand fast, then, I beseech you, to conservative Catholicism, and the truth shall make you free."

RECENT WORKS ON THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.*

THE political revolution through which the country has passed during the last ten years has naturally created an active demand for works treating, or purporting to treat, of the Constitution and Government of the United States. The press has been ready to supply this demand. It has issued elaborate treatises upon the general theory of government, and upon the peculiar forms, national and State, which we have adopted, by the side of which "The Federalist" and Story's "Commentaries" are superficial; it has supplied us with one-sided discussions—purely partisan pamphlets in the form of bulky books—which add nothing to our stock of knowledge, but only serve to keep alive old and bitter differences—works which, on the one hand, like Stephens's "War between the States," reassert all the exploded dogmas of State sovereignty; or which, on the other, like Whiting's "War Powers under the Constitution," would make the Congress, and especially the Executive, the most hateful of despotisms, and would crush out all personal independence and civil liberty; it has also furnished us with not a few specimens of the mechanical trade of book-making, which have no *raison d'être* except the opportunity of sale.

"The Federal Government and its Officers" belongs most emphatically to the last class. Mr. Gillett describes himself on the title-page as "Formerly a Member of Congress from St. Lawrence County, N. Y., more recently Register and Solicitor of the United States Treasury Department, Solicitor for the United States in the Court of Claims, Counsellor-at-Law, etc.," which would grammatically imply that since his retirement from Congress and from the other official positions mentioned, he had been admitted to the bar. His opening announcement strikes the keynote of the book; the whole is done in the same slipshod manner, and contains a mass of like unimportant matter. The preface tells us that "the author of the following pages was early called into public life in the Federal Government." Referring to the prevailing ignorance concerning "the affairs of the General Government," and the difficulty of obtaining any accurate information as to the public statutes and the departmental regulations, he adds: "It was at the commencement of his official life that the author deeply felt the want of such a volume as he has prepared and now offers to the public. No opportunity of acquiring the desired knowledge has ever been neglected. A long practice in the higher national courts, and over twenty years' service in Congress and in various important official positions in the executive departments, have rendered him comparatively familiar with most matters pertaining to the Federal Government." A note, however, at the close of the preface, which is like the postscript to a woman's letter, informs us that "the body of this work was prepared before the adoption of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments of the Constitution."

We have, then, a book upon the National Government, published in 1871, which, in its discussions of the civil rights of individuals, makes no reference to the stupendous changes wrought by the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments, and in its statement of political rights, and especially in its description of the representative system, and of the capacities of electors, conceals the fact that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments abrogated one of the fundamental notions upon which the Constitution and Government were based. These omissions will hardly—to use Mr. Gillett's own graphic language—"enable the rising generation to understand the structure of our government." He assures his readers that "without knowing what the Constitution and laws authorize and require, the citizens cannot give instructions to those entrusted with power." This may be true; we do not venture to deny it, because, as yet, we are unable to comprehend its meaning; but we are sure that Mr. Gillett's book, which placidly puts aside the results of the war, and ignores the work of the people which has in so many important respects reformed their fundamental law, will not furnish the citizen with that "knowledge" which will alone "enable him to give instructions to those entrusted with power."

* "The Federal Government and its Officers, and their Duties. By Ransom H. Gillett." New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co. 1871.

"A History and Analysis of the Constitution of the United States. By Nathaniel C. Towle." Third Edition. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1871.

The faults of the book may be summed up under two brief heads: 1. The reader cannot rely upon the accuracy of its statements as to existing laws of the United States; and, 2. It is made up of vague generalities, and of commonplace platitudes, often bordering upon twaddle, from which the "citizen" can derive no precise information which will enable him to understand the actual workings of our administrative system, or afford him any help in the transaction of business with the public offices or departments. A considerable portion is made up of mere "padding," of so useless a character that we are not unduly harsh in saying that it may be considered as an imposition upon the buyer. One or two examples will illustrate this statement. The volume contains 437 pages. The whole Constitution is printed in an appendix of 21 pages. Chapters 5 to 22, inclusive, purport to contain a description of the government and a discussion of its powers. They extend over 35 pages, several of them occupying not more than a half-page, and some even but a few lines, the rest of the page being blank, or what the happy compositor denominates "fat." These chapters are a mere reprint of the text of the Constitution, with a very few slight verbal changes, and some alteration in the arrangement, and with an occasional observation of the author, of which the following are samples: "The object and intent with which powers are conferred upon Congress, and their extent and manner of exercise, ever have been, and will continue to be, matters of controversy, and [sic] upon which the people have been, and will be, divided, thus forming and continuing political parties" (p. 83). "This leaves open only the often difficult question whether laws are really made in pursuance of the Constitution, concerning which the widest differences exist" (p. 93). "*Punctual attendance of Senators and members of the House is essential to prompt dispatch of their business*" (p. 97). "It was the high object in preparing the Constitution to secure the proper qualifications for the principal agencies under it" (p. 98). These are fair examples of Mr. Gillett's political discussions and comments upon the fundamental law. We must do him the justice to say there are very few of them. He has only printed the text of the Constitution twice over, filling up 56 pages, and has even eked out the space by a list of the States in small-capitals. Thirty-three pages of the body of the book are appropriated to lists of Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Heads of Departments, and Judges, which can be found in any good political almanac.

The greater part of Mr. Gillett's book is devoted to an explanation of the powers and duties of the President, of the Secretaries, and of their subordinates, and to a description of the executive departments and their various bureaus. It is in this portion that he has communicated most of the information which he supposes will "enable the rising generation to understand the structure of our Government, what officers are employed in its practical operations, and their general duties." Here is certainly a field for conscientious and thorough work; but Mr. Gillett has not undertaken any such labor. He has not attempted to examine the numerous statutes conferring particular powers and imposing duties upon the President and heads of departments, and to arrange and classify these powers and duties according to any method by which a clear and adequate notion might be given the reader of the administrative functions of the Government as a whole. On the contrary, he seems to have put down without any order the provisions of such special statutes as he was able to remember, and to have left the mass of executive duties unnoticed.

We will illustrate our criticism by a reference to his description of the President's office. After stating the constitutional provisions relating to the President without explanation or comment, he proceeds to the following enumeration of official powers, which we copy without change in order or substance: "Formerly he signed patents for all lands granted by the United States, but this is now done by a clerk." "He is authorized to discharge public debtors from prison." "He may employ the army and navy to enforce the neutrality laws." "*Under a statute* he employs a private secretary and a steward at the public expense." "He prescribes the uniform for the army." "He causes our sea-coast to be surveyed, and accurate charts thereof made." As the author immediately informs us that "laws temporary in their character, or of minor importance, are not referred to in this work," we must assume that the list of the President's powers has thus been exhausted. We are also bound to suppose that, except in the matter of employing a private secretary and steward, the President does everything by virtue of his own sweet will; that he surveys the coast and makes charts, that he prescribes a uniform for the army, and that he once did sign patents, without any authority or directions from Congress. At least such is the natural, if not necessary, import of the language we have quoted.

In addition to these high political and governmental functions, Mr. Gillett communicates other information to the "rising generation," in order to enable them "to understand the structure of our Government," which is so important that we cannot withhold it from the readers of the *Nation* who have not already "risen." We are told that, "being the head of the Government, the President receives, but does not usually make, calls, except in cases of sickness." We are a little in the fog here as to whose sickness is the occasion of a call, whether of the President, or of the person who suffers the call; but in either case the act is praiseworthy. Also, "no uniform or particular style of dress is required by those visiting the White House for any purpose, more than at the house of any citizen. On New Year's Day the custom is, for every one who chooses, to call and wish the President a happy New Year. On these occasions the crowd is immense and of a varied character." All this is interesting and good; but it is the mere prelude of an announcement which, by one happy stroke, finishes this delightful picture of simple social life: "On New Year's and at evening levees, there is always music by the full band." This essay upon the executive office closes with an observation which surpasses in infantile twaddle anything which we remember to have read: "The power of the President is various and immense to be deposited in the hands of a single individual, and the range of duties is almost without limit. Unless he is thoroughly versed in the Constitution, laws, usages, and business of the Federal Government, and has business capacity of a high order, and superior common sense, and inflexible honesty, he will fail to meet the expectations of the people, and be unable to aid them much in their pursuit of happiness."

Leaving the President in this hopeless condition, Mr. Gillett passes to the departments. In his preliminary observations he vouchsafes to the "rising generation" some etymological information. "Cabinet" we are told "is a French word meaning a small room," while, "originally, bureau signified merely a large writing-table." He might also have added that at present its most common signification is "a chest of drawers for clothes." It would be waste of time and space to follow our author in his round through the executive offices, and we shall be content with pointing out a few passages which will illustrate the whole. While with the Secretary of State we are favored with a discussion upon the diplomatic service which contains some information new to us, and probably so to the "rising generation." Thus we are told that "ambassadors are the highest order of foreign ministers, and represent the dignity of the sovereign sending them. *They are not sent to reside abroad, but to make solicitations upon special occasions.*" This announcement will be discouraging to the subordinates in the diplomatic corps of the great European states, who are doubtless looking forward to a residence at Paris as the goal of their ambition. "Ambassadors," we are informed, "are absolutely excepted from all allegiance and from all responsibilities to the laws of the country where accredited." As this rule is in the text confined to ambassadors, we are left to assume that it is not true of ministers plenipotentiary or resident, and of all other diplomatic agents. Of the Secretary of War it is said: "To what extent the President has conferred powers, directing the Secretary to execute them, is unknown to the public, and is nowhere found published or written. It is probable that he has assumed to act in such cases as he deemed proper on the occasion; and that custom—a growing one—is the principal authority for action when no provision is made by statute. It is now history that he does many things which the President could not authorize." This is certainly a "dark saying." We are afraid that, during his long career at Washington, Mr. Gillett must have come in contact with Secretary Stanton. But we must close our remarks upon "The Federal Government," and we do it with an apt quotation from Mr. Gillett himself, which not only illustrates his peculiarities of thought and style, but is in itself a choice apothegm which will command universal assent, and which we commend to his notice: "Few men have the courage and hardihood to brave an adverse criticism resting upon an unquestioned and solid foundation."

Mr. Towle's book is of another and better kind. We were rather startled, it is true, by the opening of the preface: "Broad and trackless oceans separate the Old World from the New. Equally separated are the principles which give form and vitality to the institutions that prevail in the two hemispheres." He immediately, however, descends from this arduous flight, and devotes himself to plain, honest, thorough, and useful work. The volume is, in fact, a condensation or abridgment of the compilation known as "Elliott's Debates." Nearly everything in it of political importance is taken from that work. While Mr. Towle's labors have not therefore been those of an original investigator, and while he has attempted

no discussion of the Constitution itself, he has in a convenient form furnished the public with a mass of most important matter—matter having a high politico-historical value, which was not before generally accessible. This "History and Analysis" will not take the place of "Elliot's Debates" with political students, constitutional lawyers, or practical statesmen. They cannot be satisfied with an abridgment. But, unless we are mistaken, it will be serviceable to the public, and will be read with interest and profit.

The design of the work is to describe the gradual process by which the Constitution and Government were formed. Giving a rapid sketch of the colonies, of the Continental Congress, and of the Confederation, it pauses and dwells with more care and minuteness upon the times when the great statesmen of an early day were consulting in respect to the future of the country and the establishment of a permanent national Government. This is set forth in some important correspondence in the acts of the New York Legislature of 1782, in resolutions of the Virginia Legislature of 1786, in the proceedings of the preliminary and abortive convention at Annapolis in 1786, and of the Congress of the Confederation in 1787. We are thus brought to the convention which framed the Constitution. Mr. Towle traces this instrument through its formative stages, giving in full the plans proposed by Mr. Randolph, by Mr. Patterson, by Mr. Pinckney, and by Mr. Hamilton, the general resolutions embodying an outline of the organic law adopted by the convention, and referred to a committee of detail to be put into shape, and the original draft as reported by this committee. All this is given without comment. The documents themselves occupy but little space, and they show better than any description could show the gradual advance in the conceptions of a General Government, which began with a proposition to amend the Articles of Confederation, and ended with an organic law in which the national idea was so fully incorporated that it has, after many and bitter struggles, necessarily triumphed.

By far the greater part of the volume, from page 36 to page 249, is devoted to what Mr. Towle calls an analysis of the Constitution. The name is an inappropriate one, because there is no attempt at any analysis; but the matter is good, call it by whatever name we please. The text of the Constitution is given as it stands, and under each section is arranged the substance of the debates in the convention when that particular clause, or a general proposition involving it, was before the body for discussion. The reader has thus placed before him in a compendious form, and arranged according to the present text of the Constitution, the sum of what was said by the statesmen who guided the deliberations of the convention. The speakers' names are given, and their language as reported is not altered. This is, of course, all taken from "Elliot's Debates" and from the "Madison Papers." In giving a construction to the Constitution, and in applying it to the questions and events which may arise in the nation's history, we would not place too much reliance upon the expressed intentions and meaning of the gentlemen who framed the instrument, and offered it as a proposal to the people for their acceptance. It is rather in a historical point of view that these opinions and sentiments are instructive. Mr. Towle's work will bring this most important scene in our political history freshly before the public, and we most cordially wish for it a general reading.

PLAY FOR MANHOOD.*

To those who love good writing for reading's sake, and simple manly narration of things a man ought to hear of, and may wisely do, it is a delight to get hold of a book like Mr. Stephen's, in which, with a sensational material which makes one hold one's breath in realizing what took place, the artist has told his story in so low a relief that it resembles one of those wonderful Greek bas-reliefs, in which the beauty and fitness of the thing told are almost lost in our wonder at the apparent inadequacy of the means employed to tell it. It is an open question how far such sports as those of the Alpine Club are permissible by the social ethics of our civilization; the answer to it depends with each individual on the value he puts on his life, and the objects for which he proposes to utilize it. There is a certain moral value in the spectacle of a man's going "into the jaws of death" of his own accord, head erect, nerves well strung, and in his soul a consciousness of superiority to the common enemy, even when he goes without higher utility than to assert his own manhood. Duelling and war used to be the outlet of all such irrepressible manhood; that Alpine climbing and ambulance service take the places of those grosser forms of der-

ring-do is a cheering sign in civilization, but one in which the English are likely to find few rivals, as in some other amusements of true manhood.

To read Mr. Stephen's book, few people would comprehend that in every one of his excursions he ran a greater risk of his life than if he had gone through a first-class battle—that it required more nerve and pluck to back one of those Alp ridges than to face a battery of Prussian artillery. We all know how many even of the surest feet have slipped into eternity from those ice-slopes; the Alpine Club itself has paid its forfeit to success, and guides and mountaineers, too, even on well-known and oft-travelled paths. Whoever would know of what human nature is capable in this direction should read Mr. Stephen's account of the ascent of the Rothhorn, of one point of which the frontispiece to the book furnishes an illustration—not too sharply drawn, aiguille-like as it is:

"Three principal pinnacles rose in front of us, each of which it was necessary to turn or to surmount. The first of these was steepest on the Zinal side. Two deep gullies on the Zermatt side started from points in the ridge immediately in front and rear of the obstacle, and converged at some distance beneath. We carefully descended by one of these for some distance, considerably inconvenienced by the snow which lodged in the deeply-cut channels and concealed the loose stones. With every care, it was impossible not occasionally to start crumbling masses of rock. The most ticklish part of the operation was in crossing to the other gully; a sheet of hard ice, some two or three inches thick, covered the steeply-inclined slabs. It was impossible to cut steps in it deep enough to afford secure foothold. The few knobs of projecting stone seemed all to be too loose either for hand or foot. We crept along in as gingerly a fashion as might be, endeavoring to distribute our weight over the maximum number of insecure supports, until one of the party had got sounder footing. A severe piece of chimney-sweep practice then landed us once more upon the razor-edge of the *arête*. The second pinnacle demanded different tactics. On the Zermatt side it was impracticably steep, whilst on the other it fell away in one of the smooth sheets of rock already mentioned. The rock, however, was here seamed by deep fissures approximately horizontal. It was possible to insert toes or fingers into these, so as to present to telescopic vision (if any one had been watching our ascent) much the appearance of a fly on a pane of glass. . . . When two crevices approximated, we should be in danger of treading on our own fingers, and the next moment we should be extended, as though on the rack, clutching one crack with the last joints of our fingers, and feeling for another with the extreme points of our toes. The hold was generally firm *when the fissure was not filled with ice*, and we gradually succeeded in outflanking the hostile position."

In climbing the third of the pinnacles they were obliged literally to bestride the edge of rock and work along, as boys do, on a steep roof-ridge:

"The attitude adopted had the merit of safety, but was deficient in comfort. The rock was so smooth, and its edge so sharp, that as I crept along it, supported entirely on my hands, I was in momentary fear that a slip might send one half of me to the Durand and the other to the Schellenburg glacier. . . . The rock above us was, if I am not mistaken, the one which, by its sharp inclination to the east, gives to the Rothhorn from some points of view the appearance of actually curling over in that direction like the crest of a sea-wave on the point of breaking. To creep along the eastern face was totally impossible. The western slopes, though not equally steep, were still frightfully precipitous, and presented scarcely a ledge whereby to cling to their slippery surface. In front of us the rocks rose steeply in a very narrow crest, rounded and smooth at the top, and with all foothold, if foothold there were, completely concealed by a layer of fresh snow. After a glance at this somewhat unpromising path, Melchior examined for a moment the western cliff. The difficulties there seeming even greater, he immediately proceeded to the direct assault. . . . So steeply did the precipice sink on our left hand, that along the whole of this part of the shelf the glacier, at a vast distance below, formed the immediate background to a sloping, rocky ledge, some foot or two in width, and covered by slippery snow. . . . Looking backwards, I was gratified by a picture which has since remained fixed in my imagination. Some feet down the ridge was Grove. Belove Grove appeared the head, shoulders, and arms of Jacob. His fingers were exploring the rock in search of infinitesimal crannies, and his face presented the expression of modified good-humor, which in him supplies the place of extreme discontent in other guides. . . . Our view of continuous rock was thus limited to a few yards of narrow ridge tilted up at a steep angle apparently in mid-air; and Jacob resembled a man in the act of clambering into a balloon far above the earth."

But it is impossible by any extracts to give an idea of the nature of the dangers, which the author skips over with a gaiety which takes shame in acknowledging danger even when it has been conquered. He loses his footing, and is sliding down into a *crevasse*, which any writer would be excusable in describing as an awful depth of green horror, or by any other ghastly phrase, but he remarks: "Melchior ignominiously hooked me under the arm with his axe, and jerked me back, with a suitable warning for the future." In fact, Mr. Stephen does Alp-climbing infinite injustice, and might tempt some of us to our deaths in a belief in the innocuous-

* "The Play-Ground of Europe. By Leslie Stephen, late President of the Alpine Club." London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1871.

ness of the pastime. He errs, if it be error, in repressing the sensations of weakness which even a brave man may justifiably feel in presence of dangers which no discretion, no human power or foresight, can conjure away, once braved. To straddle jokingly the *urte* of an Alp, with one foot pointing to green ice two thousand feet below, and the other to meadows ten thousand, is to be cool and self-possessed, but we should not think less of a man who shuddered as he did it.

But Mr. Stephen's merits as a master of good, terse, polished English will recommend him even more than his nerve on the Rothhorn. Amid the heavy crops of verbiage with which the mass of bookmakers come to market, to find a nervous, concentrated, artistic style like that of the book under notice is a pleasure which once reading will not develop to its highest, and which is so far removed from the range of careless judgment and thoughtless reading that it behooves those who have been fortunate to find it out to speak all the commendation it deserves. Not a word redundant, yet not a sentence is obscure, and with the most perfect polish there does not appear a trace of ostentation, of sententiousness. Mr. Stephen uses words so well that one regrets that he does not indulge himself in more liberty with them, and give us a few more than were actually needed. The author's insight and power of characterization do not spend themselves on ungrateful rock alone; his descriptions of some of the people one meets in the Alps are in the keenest and most subtle humor, and he paints some of his witless countrymen, astare before nature, in a manner which would have inspired Leech. The chapters on "The Regrets of a Mountaineer" and "The Dangers of Mountaineering" are written from different points of view, and with a gravity and directness of expression which recommend them to the study of every mountain-lover and every prospective mountain climber; and the moral of the whole is that to men prudent, well-trained, and well-provided, any alp is safe, and repays climbing, while to the careless, rash, and weak-footed any alp may be fatal.

The chapter on "The Peaks of Primiero" is full of a weird fascination which might tempt a landscape-painter to pack his traps and be off to Primiero on the first opportunity. There are some passages of mountain description which for pure objective truth are not surpassed by anything we know of in the language. There is not the delusive witchery of words of Ruskin's fantasy, but a sober, intensely-felt, and reverently-told perception of what is most lovely and of good report in the mountain solitudes the author loves so well. We will only quote a single passage out of many on mountain effects which one must be an able artist to put in color as Mr. Stephen has put them in words. He is describing a sunrise:

"Then a huge dark mass begins to mould itself slowly out of the darkness, the sky begins to form a background of deep purple, against which the outline becomes gradually more definite; one by one the peaks catch the exquisite Alpine glow, lighting up in rapid succession, like a vast illumination; and when at last the steady sunlight settles upon them he feels his heart bound. . . . The grandest of all such sights that live in my memory is that of a sunset from the Aiguille de Gouté. The snow at our feet was glowing with rich light, and the shadows in our footsteps a vivid green by the contrast. Beneath us was a vast horizontal floor of thin level mists suspended in mid-air, spread like a canopy over the whole boundless landscape, and tinged with every hue of sunset. Through its rents and gaps we could see the lower mountains, the distant plains, and a fragment of the Lake of Geneva, lying in a more sober purple. Above us rose the solemn mass of Mont Blanc in the richest glow of an Alpine sunset."

MITFORD'S TALES OF OLD JAPAN.*

BEFORE the appearance of this book of Mr. Mitford, the most accessible and useful information about the land of the Rising Sun was contained in Walter Dixon's volume, "Japan," and Aimé Humbert's "Le Japon Illustré," which forms part of the series known as "Le Tour du Monde." It was in these books that one found a seemingly truthful, though faint, image of the feudal empire, with its orders of nobility, its division into provinces, and subdivision into estates, all held on the tenure of military service to the next superior—and its strange double headship of Emperor and imperial vicar or substitute. These authors have the advantages over old Kaempfer of writing in a somewhat more historically-minded time, and also of having the use of his and his contemporaries' books; but, most of all, of seeing Japan during the internal convulsions that have revealed much that had been carefully hidden. Thus, Kaempfer was the author of the notion that the "Spiritual" and "Temporal" Emperors were somehow of equal rank, and that the latter had, little by little, got most of the power and all the money into his hands. And that author seems to have been thoroughly puzzled—and not inexcusably—by the two systems of

nobility, that of the really Imperial or "Spiritual Emperor's" court at Miako, and that of the Shogun (Tycoon) or "Temporal Emperor," centred at Yedo. It was reserved for the writers of the last few years to discover and set forth the actual government and social system of Japan, so far, at least, as it is known to us. There is, no doubt, enough more to be learned.

Japan and the Japanese are a most interesting land and a most interesting people to study. Their curious history, their singularly complex government, their advanced state of civilization, mingled with strange barbarisms—like the mixture of civil and savage life seen in the *Iliad*—their extraordinary skill in many of the arts, their equally extraordinary simplicity of life and manners, their warlike and fearless national character, their unexampled readiness to study the superior material civilization of the Western nations, and to adopt it, but little by little, and with discrimination—these are the characteristics of a people and a national fabric very fascinating to the student. In one of the stories in Mr. Mitford's collection, the peasants of a certain province are oppressed by taxes newly imposed, and after trying in vain appeals to the officers of their feudal lord, and to the lord himself, one self-sacrificing man, a "head of a village," watches for the passing of the Shogun, and contrives to thrust a petition into his litter. The result is, that the prince of the province in question returns to his province under orders from the Shogun to take off the taxes, and enraged with his officers, whom he removes right and left. But the heads of the villages are considered as having conspired against the prince, their feudal lord, of whose conduct they had of course no right to complain. They are punished, and he who gave the petition to the Shogun is put to death with his family, and his goods confiscated. In another story, Daimios, or princes of the Shogun's court, are shown receiving the messenger of the Emperor, and as needing instruction in the proper ceremonies of the occasion from "a high official," as Mr. Mitford has it—presumably a Kunge or noble of the Emperor's court. This is perhaps the only instance in which the Emperor is mentioned. Public interests and great ambitions in Japan must have felt, even at the highest pitch of the power of the Shogunate, the constant presence of the supreme authority, though veiled and in retirement at Miako. But private life, the life of soldiers, and farmers, and citizens, the sports of the young and the domestic life of the old, seem to have taken no note of the heaven-descended Emperor and his unquestionable authority over all, and seldom to have looked higher than the local daimio, never higher than the Shogun. His office was of military origin, it is clear, and the full title was warlike enough—*Sai-e-tai-Shogun*, "Barbarian-repressing commander-in-chief." His authority seems to have had no limit, however, and his duties to have been as much civil as military, so that we have called him imperial vicar, replacing the Emperor, who chose to remain in reticacy. When the treaties were made with the United States and with European powers, the Shogunate appeared at the front as the supreme government. The style *Tai-Kun* was borrowed from the Chinese as a handy title, and our treaties were made with the seeming sovereign, known as "His Majesty, the Tycoon of Japan." This was the state of things until the Emperor deposed his substitute, and undertook to govern Japan by himself, and, after considerable resistance and a small civil war, pacified the country under the new arrangement. We have to imagine Japan now as a young country of mixed monarchical and parliamentary government, and of quasi-European institutions. The old feudal, isolated, and solitary empire is the Japan of these legends; and the title, "Tales of Old Japan," is descriptive.

The skill of the Japanese people in the arts makes no small part of the interest they inspire. For instance, their swords are a favorite subject of Mr. Mitford, who has one or two stories that turn almost wholly upon the peculiar preciousness of blades by this or that famous swordsmith. The long and short swords being worn always when abroad by every man entitled to wear them, these weapons are as familiar companions and as trusted friends of every man of military rank as the rapier of the sixteenth-century noble, or the claymore of the Highlander; a thing of daily wear, to whose protection the wearer habitually trusts his life. Upon these swords, therefore, is lavished the best skill of Japan. It may not be given to any Westerner to distinguish a Muramasa blade from one of a less known swordsmith; but it must be interesting to study the different degrees of excellence where the lower degrees are so wonderfully fine. The blade of the commonest Japanese sword we have ever seen is a noble piece of handiwork, and these splendid blades, heavy, sharp for their whole length of edge, brilliant, perfectly forged, flawless, are mounted with the utmost magnificence and good taste when intended for the nobles,

* "Tales of Old Japan." By A. B. Mitford, Second Secretary to the British Legation in Japan. With illustrations drawn and cut on wood by Japanese artists. New York: Macmillan & Co. 2 vols. 8vo.

so that a Japanese noble's sword, as Mr. Mitford says, may easily cost, the blade alone, £300 sterling, and the mounting half as much more, in Japan itself.

The Japanese bronzes, porcelains, and lacquered work are well known and universally admired in Europe and America for their beauty and the admirable delicacy of their workmanship. But few persons are familiar with the higher grade of these ornamental arts—specimens are rare and necessarily very costly. Nevertheless, enough is known to all persons who notice such things at all to command their interest and admiration. It is so with the purely representative arts, as well-executed original drawings or paintings are seldom to be seen; almost never any original work of a high class. But woodcuts in books and separate, colored and uncolored, are very accessible and very cheap, and their great and often extraordinary merit may be seen by any one who cares to look. Concerning these pictures and their subjects we have written before;* but in the discussion of these subjects, having begun with the representations of the gods of the Sinto religion, we never reached, on our downward course, the illustrations of popular legend and tradition.

If we should discuss these latter here, it would be necessary to point out that Mr. Mitford's illustrations are very much less pleasing, as well as less characteristic. These, indeed, were "drawn in the first instance by one Odaké, an artist in [Mr. Mitford's] employ. They were cut on wood by a famous wood-engraver at Yedo, and are therefore genuine specimens of Japanese art." Genuine specimens, indeed; but specimens of Japanese art as modified and weakened by influences foreign to its nature. A student of Japanese pictorial art would recognize at once their genuineness and their inferiority. They do not tell their stories as well as the native woodcuts we have explained and criticised in former essays on Japanese fine art, and they are immeasurably less artistical in design. It would not be fair, indeed, to put these rather slight illustrations into comparison with the strong, delicate, and justly celebrated designs of Oksai, which are often very elaborate, and often full of dramatic power, clearly expressed sentiment, and astonishing *verve*; nor can we justly compare them even with the works of half-a-dozen less-known—for us sometimes nameless—artists who have worked in Oksai's manner, more or less modified. But the thin books about Falcons and Falconry which one buys for a dollar apiece in the Broadway stores of Japanese curiosities, and other similar picture-books, are not far out of the way for a comparison. Certainly, the little novels, two thin volumes in one wrapper, text and illustrations all pell-mell together on the pages, and selling in Yokohama ten for a bu, are common and humble enough to serve as a standard. And tried even by this low standard, our Anglo-Japanese pictures smack of pidgin-English, and are only half right.

It is the more to be regretted that these should fail in spirit, or in characteristically Japanese qualities of art, because we suppose that it would have been easy to select illustrations to the Japanese legends in this book, or to any such legends, from out the mass of illustrations already existing. Illustrations to the tale of the Forty-seven Ronins, for instance, we think we can furnish, although the story seems to differ a little in some of its incidents as given by the pictures and as given by Mr. Mitford. Apart from this, however, we have nothing but praise to give this book. As to the accuracy of translation we cannot speak, but the English style is fresh and pleasant, and the stories are original and vigorous enough to be exactly reproduced. One begins the reading of the volumes with pleasure, and expecting pleasure, for the type and paper are grateful to the eye, and one is favorably disposed toward Mr. Mitford's setting forth of Japanese history and legend, because of well-known writings of his in the London monthlies, some of which are incorporated in these volumes. And so we have only to add that it is easy to read the book through, and that it gives a clearer idea of the people of Japan than any other work with which we are acquainted.

Gabriel Riesser's Life, with Extracts from his Correspondence [*Leben nebst Mittheilungen aus seinen Briefen*]. By M. Issler, Dr. (Frankfort-on-the-Main: "The Riesser Association." Leipzig: Volkmar. 1871. pp. 663.)—Although called on the title-page a second unaltered edition, this work is, as the editor explains, only a reprint of the first volume of the collected writings of Riesser, which were printed by the association established by his friends and admirers in Frankfort, and called after his name. It is, in fact, rather in the influence which Riesser exerted on his contemporaries, than in any of his completed literary works, that we see how well he deserved the honor of a memorial biography. Gabriel Riesser was born of

respectable Jewish parents in Hamburg, in 1806, so that his earliest recollections were of a kind to make him, above all things, an earnest advocate of German unity and power, and in every way hostile to French modes of thought and action. Graduating at Heidelberg in 1826, he went thence to Munich, but here, as at his own university, and at Jena, too, he found himself excluded by his religion from the humble position of a voluntary tutor, and then, returning to his native town to seek admission to the bar, he met the same barrier. Just as he was beginning to complain of the hardship of his condition, the French Revolution of 1830 broke out, and sent through Germany a thrill of aspiration for personal liberty even in the down-trodden Jews, and Riesser determined to be their advocate.

At that time there was legislative oppression of all sorts, and a vast deal beyond the letter of the law, that weighed down his race. In Lübeck and Bremen, both "free cities," the laws were very severe. The former allowed a Jew to teach Hebrew at the gymnasium, but excluded the race for all other purposes; the latter city made no such exception. In Frankfurt, their privileges had been bought at a good round price of Dalberg, Napoleon's Grand Duke, while their residence in Hamburg was at the cost of every pursuit except retail trades. Oddly enough, the earliest governments to accord the Jews greater privileges were Electoral Hesse and Würtemberg, in 1816 and 1828 respectively, although as far back as 1808 Baden—then, as later, the precursor of German liberal principles—had given them at least decent treatment. In Hanover, under French mastery from 1807 to 1813, the Jews had been on equal footing with all others, but they were put back into the barbarous condition in which, under mediæval rules, they were alike degraded and injurious to the state and to their fellow-citizens. In Prussia their condition was beginning to improve, to the great advantage of the state as well as of the Jews themselves, when the reaction that followed the French Revolution of 1830 brought back many of the old evils as part of the general conservatism of the day.

Against such a condition of things, and at such a time, Riesser engaged in a crusade which ended only with his life. It imposed upon him a vast amount of labor, and of literary effort, in various forms; it required of him journeys through his own country, and through Europe, and even to America for a short visit in 1856; and it did much, no doubt, to give him the prominence which led to the active part he took in the German Parliaments of 1848 and 1849. He was a minister of the short-lived German Empire of that day, but his public career on this broad stage was long enough to enable him to display great oratorical power and good administrative ability, and to secure for him the confidence, affection, and admiration of the foremost men of that day of dupes and deceptions. Riesser returned to his Hamburg life, and, giving up his notarial business—an office of more dignity and importance than the same name betokens here—became a lawyer, and finally a judge, in his native city. He saw, therefore, the almost absolute success of his early efforts for the freedom of the Jews from all political, and particularly municipal, restrictions not only completely secured, but rewarded by honors which were as well earned as they were rare. It is not surprising, therefore, that his friends should have determined to perpetuate his memory, both by a suitable monument, and by reprinting a complete edition of his numerous writings. Among these, by the way, are several able articles on American affairs, and, as his friends here were such men as Lieber and Kapp, it cannot be doubted on which side of our struggle his sympathy was thrown. The Riesser Memorial also includes a fund to be used in contributing to the expense of university education of Jewish students, and another to help them as practitioners of science, art, and literature in those countries where the laws are still so stringent as to put them under restraint.

These are strong evidences that the subject of this volume was a man of such temperament and disposition as to endear himself with all his associates and contemporaries, and the large space given to his letters—nearly half of the volume—enables the reader to see for himself how many-sided were Riesser's virtues. His tender devotion to his mother and sister, his manly friendships, his sturdy perseverance in a championship that threatened to cost him all advancement and promotion, his modest bearing when honors, social and political, did at last come upon him, his energy in the national cause of all Germany, his hope when it was apparently lost for ever—now realized beyond even the faith of the most ardent—these are all the elements that made the man, and that justify this memorial volume of his life and letters. Without the literary skill of Börne and Heine, he contrasts well with them, for he fought manfully for his race, while they turned their barbed and poisonous arrows as often against their hereditary faith as against any other obstacle in their way;

* See the *Nation*, Vol. VII., Nos. 157, 159, 160, 161, and 167.

and that way led mainly to their own selfish personal comfort, while his was meant only to be for the good of others. Without the learning of Bunsen, or the gifts and hereditary advantages of the Gagerns, Riesser's name will stand in a favorable light in the same line with them and the other men who, in 1848, build—better than they knew—the foundations of the existing German Empire. Bunsen was, if not selfish, yet still so self-important that a recognition of his importance seemed to him more necessary than many active measures in which he might have assisted. The Gagerns were both aristocrats, of the type of De Tocqueville, but of about equal importance in reforming the political government of their country, while Riesser was a man of the people, working for them from pure zeal, without reserve of any kind, and with no notion of obtaining anything but the form of government that should best answer the requirements of the German nation. Democracy was no part of his faith, nor was he an ardent advocate for the mere form of a Republic; but he labored to secure the individual freedom and advancement of every German citizen, and it was just that which makes Germany to-day the foremost power of Europe.

Leading Cases on the Law of Elections in the United States. By Frederick C. Brightly. (Philadelphia: Kay & Brother.)—With the poems written as social correctives and the novels that disguise plans of reform, we are all sadly familiar. This is the first instance of a collection of law-cases worked into reproof and warning as to an evil that offends the compiler. Let us hasten to say that the censure touches a system and not its agents, and is thoroughly deserved and fairly administered. It is against the delegation of discretionary powers in political causes to elected judges that Mr. Brightly arrays the learning and the invective of his notes. Some of the cases may convict those who decided them of bias or narrowness, but it is only incidentally, and with the kindest disclaimer of purpose by the author, that he thus hoists an occasional judge with his own petard. Before the wisdom of Democracy bestowed on us the blessing of a partisan bench, the cases arising out of elections were fewer and less alarmingly interesting than they have since become. English rulings had settled acceptably to our own courts most doubtful points upon voting in corporations or private bodies. But their decisions on political elections were confined by limited suffrage within too narrow a field to be of service or authority in this country. The citations presented in this volume range over nearly sixty years of our history, and gather up the wisdom of courts in twenty-four of the States.

Whether the people in primary assemblies have legislative power, was once a question much discussed. The current of decisions has been adverse to the claim, holding that constitutions delegate such power to the legislatures alone, which cannot refer their function back to the people, and the chief cases that determine what may or may not be submitted to the popular vote are given at length. Others follow relating to the voter personally, settling points as to his qualifications, and as to registry, residence, and privileges. The power and mode of action of courts in correcting errors, rejecting a poll, and regulating election districts and officers,

are illustrated by a great number and variety of decisions. Occasionally the positive views of some clear-thinking judge are reported, ridiculing the moonshine of an absolute right of suffrage. The volume is rich in election cases involving questions as to the limits of national and State jurisdictions. Some of them, as those relating to the test-oaths and the disfranchisement of deserters, grew out of temporary war-measures. The legal controversies throughout the country upon more important points presented under the constitutional amendments, display moderation and firmness on the part both of the Federal and the State judges. But those cases in the State courts, especially those concerning elections in municipalities, which have carried political passion in the shape of a legal issue before a partisan bench, do fully justify the author's grave fears of the danger to the permanency of free institutions brought upon us by the innovation of an elective judiciary.

The Pupil of the Legion of Honor. By Louis Enault. Translated from the French by Mrs. Rebecca L. Zutt. (Philadelphia: Porter & Coates 1871.)—This is by no means an uninteresting novel. There is a touch of the graveyard at the beginning, but after that we follow beautiful but poverty-stricken virtue through lofty castles, gilded drawing-rooms, and humble attics; through flirtations, temptations, and, in fact, direct assaults, to a happy marriage and an ample income. How far this is a solution of the question of woman's rights and woman's duties, as is claimed for it in the introductory letter of "Porte Crayon" to the publishers, is still unsettled. Not all who are poor and virtuous are of exceptional beauty and possessed of every accomplishment. Not all women can marry marquises, much less rich ones. Still, those taking the novel for two or three hours' amusement may be sure they have read poorer ones, even if this is not the best they have ever read. The translation cannot be recommended. It is full of "Gallicisms and despoiled phrases," as the Portuguese grammar calls them. For instance, p. 11, at the end of Chapter III, "At last, who knows?" added he, shrugging his shoulders. "All whom we condemn are not executed. But the poor lady is very ill, in truth." Or, p. 31, "The Colonel's daughter found an illustrated book on the table—dear to those from whom literature keeps, yet, its secrets, and which can be run over with the thumb."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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